THE
Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe:
OR
Strange Newes, Of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Conuoy of Verſes, as they were going *Prinilie* to victuall the Lowe Countries.

Unda impellitur unda.

By *Tho. Naſhe* Gentleman.

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1593.

To the most copious Carminist of our time, and famous persecutor of *Priscian*, his very friend Maister *Apis Lapis*: *Tho. Nashe* wisheth new strings to his old tawny Purse, and all honorable *increase of acquaintance in the Cellar.*

GEntle M. **William**, that learned writer **Rhenish wine and Sugar**, in the first booke of his Comment vpon **Red-noses** hath this saying: *veterem ferendo mutuam inuitat nouam*, which is as much in english, as one Cuppe of nipitaty puls on another. In moyst consideration whereof, as also in zealous regard of that high countenance you shew vnto Schollers, I am bold in stead of new wine, to carouse to you a cuppe of newes: which if your worship (according to your wonted **Chaucerisme**) shall accept in good part, I le be your daily Orator to pray that, that pure sanguine complection of yours may neuer be famiſht with pot-lucke, that you may tast till your last gaspe, and liue to see the confusion of both your speciall enemies, Small Beere and Grammer Rules.

It is not vnknowne to report, what a famous pottle-pot Patron you haue beene to olde Poets in your dates, and howe many pounds you haue spent (and as it were throwne into the fire) vpon **the Dart of wisedome, called Alcumie**: Yea, you are such an infinite Mecœnas to learned men, that there is not that morsell of meate they can carue you, but you will eate for their sakes and accept very thankefully. Thinke not though vnder correction of your boone companion ship, I am disposed to be a little pleasant, I condemne you of any immoderation either in eating or drinking, for I know your gouernement and carriage to be euery way Canonicall. Verily, verily, all poore Schollers acknowledge you as their patron, prouiditore, and supporter, for there cannot a thred-bare Cloake sooner peepe forth, but you straight presse it to be an outbrother of your bounty, three decayed Students you kept attending vpon you a long time.

Shall I presume to dilate of the grauity of your round cap and your dudgion dagger? It is thought they will make you be call'd vpon shortly to bee Alderman of the Stilliard. And that's well remembred, I heard say when this last Terme was remoued to Hartford, you fell into a great study and care by your selfe, to what place the Stilliard should be remoued: I promise you truely it was a deepe meditation, and such as might well haue beseemed Eldertons Parliament of noses to haue sit vpon.

A Tauerne in London, onely vpon the motion mourned all in blacke, and forbare to girt her temples with iuie, because the grandam of good fellowship was like to depart from among them. And I wonder very much, that you **Sampsowned** not your selfe into a consumption with the profound cogitation of it.

Diu viues in amore iocisque, whatsoeuer you doe, beware of keeping dyet. Sloth is a sinne, and one sinne (as one poyson) must be expelled with another. What can he doe better that hath nothing to doe, than fall a drinking, to keepe him from idlenes?

Fah, me thinkes my ieats begin already to smell of the Caske, with talking so much of this liquid prounder.

In earnest thus: There is a **Doctor and his Fart**, that haue kept a foule stinking stirre in Paules Churchyard: I cry him mercie I slaundred him, he is scarse a Doctor till he hath don his Acts: this dodipoule, this didopper, this professed poetical braggart, hath raild vpon mee without wit or art, in certaine foure penny-worth of Letters, and three farthing-worth of Sonnets. Now do I meane to present him and **Shakerley** to the Queenes foole

taker for Coatch-horses: for two that draw more equally in one Oratoriall yoke of vaine-glory there is not vnder heauen.

What say you Maister **Apis Lapis**, will you with your eloquence and credit shield me from Carpers? Haue you any odde threds of Latine to make this lettermunger a Cockescombe off?

It stands you in hand to arme your selfe against him, for he speaks against Conny catchers, and you are a Connycatcher, as Connycatching is diuided into three parts, the **Verser**, the **Setter**, and the **Barnacle**.

A **Setter**, I am sure you are not, for you are no Musitian: nor a **Barnacle**, for you neuer were of the order of the Barnardines: but the **Verser**, I cannot acquite you of, for M. **Vaux** of **Lambeth** brings in sore euidence of a breakefast you wonne of him one morning at an vnlawfull game called riming. What lies not in you to amend play the **Doctor** and defend.

A fellow that I am to talke with by and by, beeing told that his Father was a Rope-maker, excused the matter after this sort: **And hath neuer saint had Reprobate to his Father?** They are his owne wordes hee cannot goe from them. You see heere hee makes a **Reprobate** and a **Ropemaker**, *voces conuertibiles*. Go too, take example by him to wash out durt with inke, & runne vp to the knees in the Channell, if you bee once wetshod. You are amongst graue Doctors, and men of iudgement in both Lawes euery day. I pray aske them the question in my absence, whether such a man as I haue describde this **Epistler** to be, one that hath a good handsome pickerdeuant, and a pretty leg to study the Ciuill Law with, that hath made many proper rimes of the old Cutte in his daies, and deserued infinitely of the state by extolling himselfe and his two brothers in euery booke he writes: whether (I say) such a famous piller of the Presse, now in the fourteenth or fifteenth yeare of the raigne of his Rhetoricke, giuing money to haue this his illiterate Pamphlet of Letters printed (whereas others haue money giuen them to suffer themselues to come in Print) it is not to bee counted as flat simony, and be liable to one and the same penalty.

I tell you, I meane to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and haue about with him with two staues and a pike for this geare.

If he get any thing by the bargaine, let whatsoeuer I write henceforward be condemned to wrappe bumbast in.

Carouse to me good lucke, for I am resolutely bent, the best bloud of the brothers shall pledge me in vineger. O would thou hadst a quaffing bowle, which like **Gawens** scull should containe a pecke, that thou mightst swap off a harty draught to the successe of this voyage.

By whatsoeuer thy visage holdeth most pretions I beseech thee, by **John Dauies** soule, and the blew Bore in the Spittle I coniure thee, to draw out thy purse, and giue me nothing for the Dedication of my Pamphlet.

Thou art a good fellow I know, and hadst rather spend feasts than money, Let it be the taske of thy best tearmes, to safeconduct this booke through the enemies countrey.

Proceede to cherish thy surpassing carminicall art of memory with full cuppes (as thou dost) let **Chaucer** bee newe scourd against the day of battaile, and **Terence** come but in now and then with the snuffe of a sentence: and *Dictum puta*, Weele strike it as dead as a doore naile: *Haud teruntij estimo*, We haue cats meat and dogges meat inough for these mungrels. Howeuer I write merrily, I loue and admire thy pleasant witty humor, which no care or crosse can make vnconuersable. Still bee constant to thy content, loue poetry, hate pedantisme, *Vade, vale, caue ne titubes mandataque frangas.*

Thine intirely, *Tho. Nashe.*

To the Gentlemen.

Readers.

GEntlemen, the ſtrong faith you haue conceiu'd, that I would do works of ſupererrogation in anſwering the Doctor, hath made mee to breake my daye with other important buſines I had, and ſtand darting of quils a while like the Porpentine.

I know there want not welwillers to my diſgrace, who ſay my onely Muſe is contention; and other, that with *Tiberius Caſar* pretending to ſee in the darke, talke of ſtrange obiectes by them diſcouered in the night, when in truth they are nothing elſe but the glimmering of their eyes.

I will not holde the candle to the Deuill, vnmaske my holyday Muſe to enuie; but if any ſuch deepe inſighted detracter will challenge mee to whatſoeuer quiet aduenture of Art wherein he thinkes mee leaſt conuerſant, hee ſhall finde that I am *Tam Mercurio quàm Marti*, a Scholler in ſome thing els but contion.

If idle wittes will needes tye knottes on ſmooth bulruſhes with their tongues, faith the worlde might thinke I had little to attend, if I ſhould goe about to vnlooſe them with my penne.

I

To the Reader:

I cannot tell how it comes to passe but in these ill eide daies of ours, euery man delights with *Ixion* to beget children of clouds, digge for Pearles in dunghils, and wrest oyle out of iron.

Poore *Pierce Pennilesse*, haue they turnd to a coniuring booke, for there is not that line in it, with which they doo not seeke to raise vp a Ghost, and like the hog that conuerts the sixth part of his meate into bristels, so haue they conuerted sixe parts of my booke into bitternes.

Aretine in a Comuedie of his, wittily complaineth that vpstart Commenters, with their Annotations and gloses, had extorted that sense and Morall out of *Petrarch*, which if *Petrarch* were aliue a hundred Strappadoes might not make him confesse or subscribe too; So may I complaine that rash heads, vpstart Interpreters, haue extorted & rakte that vnreuerent meaning out of my lines, which a thousand deaths cannot make mee ere grant that I dreamd off.

To them that are abused by their owne iealous collections and no determined trespasse of mine, this aduice by the way of example will I giue.

One comming to Doctour *Perne* on a time, and telling him hee was miserably raild on such a day in a Sermon at Saint Maries in *Cambridge*, I but quoth he (in his puling manner of speaking) did he name me, did he name me, I warrant you goe and aske him, and hee will say hee meant not mee; So they that are vngroundedly offended at any thing in *Pierce Pennilesse*, first let them looke if I did name them; if not, but the matter hangeth in suspence, let them send to mee for my exposition, and not buy it at the seconde hand, and I doe not doubt but they will be throughly satisfied.

The Epiſtle

Hee that wraps himſelfe in earth like the Foxe, to catch birds, may haps haue a heauy cart go ouer him before he beaware, and breake his backe.

A number of Apes may get the glowworme in the night, and thinke to kindle fire with it, becauſe it gliſters ſo, but God wote they are beguiled it proues in the end to be but fools fire, the poore worme alone with their blowing is warmed, they ſtarud for colde whiles their wood is vntoucht. Who but a Foppe wil labour to anatomize a Flye? Fables were free for any bondman to ſpeake in old time, as *Æſope* for an inſtance, their alluſion was not reſtrained to any particular humor of ſpite, but generally applyed to a generall vice. Now a man may not talke of a dog, but it is ſurmiſed he aimes at him that giueth the dog in his Creſt, hee cannot name ſtraw, but hee muſt plucke a wheate ſheaffe in pieces, *Intelligendo faciunt vt nihil intelligant.*

VVhat euer they be that thus perſecute Art (as the Alcumiſts are ſaid to perſecute Nature) I would wiſh them to rebate the edge of their wit, and not grinde their colours ſo harde, hauing founde that which is blacke, let them not with our forenamed Gold-falſifiers, ſeeke for a ſubſtance that is blacker than black, or angle for frogs in a cleare fountaine.

From the admonition of theſe vncurteous miſconſterers. I come to *The kilcow champion of the three brethren*; he forſooth wil be the firſt that ſhal giue *Pierce Penileſſe* a *non placet.*

It is not inough that hee bepiſt his credite aboue twelue yeeres ago, with *Three proper and wittie familiar letters*, but ſtill he muſt be running on the *letter*, and abuſing the Queenes Engliſh without pittie or mercie.

Bee

to the Reader.

Bee it knowne vnto you (Chriſtian Readers) this man is a foreſtaller of the market of fame, an ingroſſer of glorie, a mounte bancke of ſtrange wordes, a meere marchant of babies and conny-skins.

Hold vp thy hand *G. H.* thou art heere indited for an incrocher vpon the fee-ſimple of the Latin, an enemie to Carriers, as one that takes their occupation out of their hands, and doſt nothing but tranſport letters vp and downe in thy owne commendation, a conſpiratour and practiſer to make Printers rich, by making thy ſelfe ridiculous, a manifeſt briber of Booke-ſellers and Stationers, to helpe thee to ſell away thy bookes (whoſe impreſſion thou paidſt for) that thou mayſt haue money to goe home to Trinitie Hall to diſcharge thy commons.

I ſay no more but Lord haue mercie vpon thee, for thou art falne into his hands that will plague thee.

Gentlemen, will you be inſtructed in the quarrell that hath cauſd him lay about him with his penne and inckehorne ſo couragiouſly. About two yeeres ſince (a fatall time to familiar Epiſtles) a certayne Theologicall gimpanado, a demie diuine, no higher than a Tailors preſſing iron, brother to this huge booke-beare, that writes himſelfe *One of the Emperour Iuſtinians Courtiers*, tooke vppon him to ſet his foote to mine, and ouer-crow mee with comparatiue tearmes. I proteſt I neuer turnd vp any cowſheard to looke for this ſcarabe flye. I had no conceit as then of diſcouering a breed of fooles in the three brothers bookes: marry when I beheld ordinance planted on edge of the pulpit againſt me, & that there was no remedy but the blind Vicar would needs let flie at me with his Churchdore keies, & curſe me with bel, book and candle, becauſe in my Alphabet of Idiots I had

ouer-skipt the Hs, what could I doe but draw vppon him with my penne, and defende my ſelfe with it and a paper buckler as well as I might.

Say I am as verie a Turke as hee that three yeeres ago ranne vpon ropes, if euer I ſpeld eyther his or anie of his kindreds name in reproch, before hee barkt againſt mee as one of the enemies of the Lambe of God, and fetcht alluſions out of the Buttery to debaſe mee.

Heere beginneth the fray. I vpbraid godly predication with his wicked conuerſation, I ſquirt inke into his decayed eyes with iniquitie to mend their diſeaſed ſight, that they may a little better deſcend into my ſchollerſhip and learning. The Eccleſiaſtical duns inſtead of reccuery waxeth ſtarke blind thereby (as a preſeruatiue to ſome, is poyſon to others) hee gets an olde Fencer his brother to be reuengd on me for my Phiſicke; who flouriſhing about my eares with his two hand ſworde of Oratory and Poetry, peraduenture ſhakes ſome of the ruſt of it on my ſhoulders, but otherwiſe ſtrikes mee not but with the ſhadowe of it, which is no more than a flappe with the falſe ſcabberd of contumelie: whether am I in this caſe to arme my ſelfe againſt his intent of iniurie, or ſitte ſtill with my finger in my mouth, in hope to bee one of ſimplicities martyrs.

A queſt of honorable minded Caualiers go vppon it, and if they ſhall find by the Law of armes or of ale, that I beeing firſt prouokt, am to bee inioynde to the peace, or be ſworne true ſeruant to cowardize & patience, when wrong preſſeth mee to the warres; then wil I bind my ſelfe prentiſe to a Cobler, and freſh vnderlay all thoſe writings of mine that haue trodde awrie.

to the Reader.

Be aduertiſed (gentle audience) that the *Doctors* proceedings haue thruſt vpon mee this ſowterly Metaphor, who firſt contriuing his confutation in a ſhort Pamphlet of ſix leaues like a paire of ſummer pumps: afterward (winter growing on) clapt a paire of double ſoales on it like a good husband, added eight ſheets more, and prickt thoſe ſheets or ſoales as full of the hob-nayles of reprehenſion as they could ſticke.

It is not thoſe his new clowted ſtartops iwis, that ſhall carry him out of the durt.

Sweet Gentlemen, be but indifferent, and you ſhal ſee mee deſperate. Heere lies my hatte, and there my cloake, to which I reſemble my two Epiſtles, being the vpper garments of my booke, as the other of my body: Saint Fame for mee, and thus I runne vpon him.

Tho. Nashe.

The foure Letters Confuted.

GAbriel and not onely *Gabriel*, but *Gabrielissime Gabriel*, no Angell but ANGELOS, id est, *Nuntius*, a Fawneguest Messenger twixt Maister *Bird* and Maister *Demetrius*: Behold, here stands he that will make it good on thy foure Letters bodie, that thou art a filthy vaine foole. Thy booke I commend; as very well printed: and like wondrous well, because all men dislike it.

I agree with thee that there are in it *some matters of Note*, for there are a great many barefoote rimes in it that goe as iumpe as a Fiddle with euery ballet-makers note: and if according to their manner you had tun'd them ouer the head it had beene nere the worse, for by that meanes you might haue had your name chaunted in euery corner of the streete; then the which there can be nothing more *melodiouslie addoulce* to your *deuine Entelechy*. O they would haue trowld off brauely to the tune of *O man in Desperation*, and like *Marenzos* Madrigals, the mournefull note naturally haue affected rhe miserable Dittie.

Doe you knowe your owne misbegotten bodgery

Entelechy

Entelechy and *addoulce*. VVith these two Hermophrodite phrases, being halfe Latin and halfe English, hast thou puld out the very guts of the Inkehorne.

Letters.

To all curteous mindes that will vouchsafe the reading.

Comment.

In their absence this be deliuered to *Megge Curtis* in Shorditch to stop mustard pots with.

The particular Contents.

L. *A Preface to courteous mindes.*

C. As much to say, as Proface, much good do it you would it were better for you.

L. *A Letter to M.* Emanuel Demetrius, *with a sonnet thereto annexed.*

C. That is, as it were a purgation vpon a vomit, buskins vpon pantophles.

L. *A Letter to M.* Bird.

C. Or little matter wrapt vp in many words.

L. *A Letter to euerie fauorable and indifferent Reader.*

C. *Id est*, An exhortation to all Readers, that they shall reade nothing but his works.

L. *Another letter to the same extorted after the rest.*

C. By interpretation, a Letter whereof his inuention had a hard stoole, and yet it was for his ease, though not for his honestie: and so forth, as the Text shall direct you at large.

Heere

Heere beginneth the first Epistle

and first Booke of *Orator Gabriell to the Catilinaries or Philippicks.*

Wherein is diuulged, *that venum is venum and will infect, that that which is done, cannot* (de facto) *be vndone, that fauour is a curteous Reader, and* G.H. *your thankfull debter.*

A Comment vpon the Text.

THe learned Orator in this Epistle *taketh precise order* he will not be too eloquent and yet it shall be (L.) *as well for enditing vnworthie to be published, as for publishing vnworthie to be endited.*

C. He had many aduersaries in those times that he wrote, amongst the which Cloth-breeches and Veluet-breeches (his fathers pouerty, and his owne pride were none of the meanest.)

After them start vp one *Pierce Pennilesse*, and hee likewise was a stumbling blocke in his way. (Penurie not long tarries after pride; pray all the ropes in *Saffron Walden* that I do not propheſie,) Amen, Amen, quoth M. *Bird* and M. *Demetrius.*

Hee forbeares to speake much in this place of the one or the other, *because his letters are more forward to accuse them than their owne books to condemne them*; yet for a touch by the way, hee talks that Greene is no

liuerey for this winter, *it is pitifully blasted and faded in euerie meade* by the strong breath of his barbarisme.

Hee hath a twitch at *Pierce Pennilesse* too, at the parting stile, and tearms him *the Deuils Orator by profession, and his Dames Poet by practise*: wherein mee thinks (the surreuerence of his works not impaired) he hath verie highly ouershotte himselfe: for no merc is *Pierce Pennilesse* to be cald the Deuils Orator for making a Supplication to the Deuill, than hee is to bee held for a Rhethorician, for setting foorth *Gabrielis Scruuei Rhetor*, wherein hee thought to haue knocke out the braines of poore *Tullies Orator*, but in veritie did nothing else but gather a flaunting vnsauory fore-horse nosegay out of his well furnished garland.

The aduancemēt of the Deuil's Oratorship, which he ascribeth to *Pierce Pennilesse*, me thinks had beene a fit place for his Doctorship, when hee mist the Oratorship of the Vniuersitie, of which in the sequele of his booke he most slanderously complaineth. Doctor *Perne*, *Greene*, no dead man he spareth.

What he should *subaudi* by his *Dames Poet*, I scarse apprehend, except this, that *Pierce* his Father was *Dame Lawe*. Poet, and writte many goodly stories of her in *An Almond for Parrat*.

Those that will take a Lecture in our Orators letters, must not *read, excuse, commend, credite or beleeue anie approoued truth in* Pierce Pennilesse, especially if it be any thing that vpbraideth the great Baboune brother.

Hee will stoppe the beginning, id est, when hee hath come behind a man and broke his head, seeke to bind him to the good abearing, *or els the ende were like to proue perniti ous and perillous* to his confusion.

Some-

Somewhat hee mutters of *defamation and iust commendation*, & what a hell it is for him that hath built his heauen in vaine-glory, to bee puld by the sleeue, and bidde *Respice funem*, looke backe to his Fathers house; but I ouerslippe it as friuolous, because all the world knowes him better than he knowes himselfe, & though he play the Pharisie neuer so in iustifiyng his owne innocence, there es none will beleeue him.

Let this bee spoken once for all, as I haue a soule to saue, till this day in all my life with tongue nor penne did I euer in the least worde or tittle derogate from the Doctor. If his brother (without any former prouocation on my part God is my witnesse) rayld on me grossely, expressly namde mee, compard me to *Martin*, indeuord to take from mee all estimation of Arte or witte, haue I not cause to bestirre mee?

Gabriell, I will bestirre mee, for all like an Alehouse Knight thou crau'st of *Iustice to do thee reason*; as for *impudencie and calumny*, I returne them in thy face, that in one booke of tenne sheets of paper, hast publisht aboue two hundred lies.

Had they been wittie lies, or merry lies, they would neuer haue greeu'd mee: but palpable lies, damned lies, lies as big as one of the Guardes chynes of beefe, who can abide?

Ile make thee of my counsaile, because I loue thee (not:) when I was in Cambridge and but a childe, I was indifferently perswaded of thee: mee thought by thy apparell and thy gate thou shouldst haue beene a fine fellow: Little did I suspect that thou wert brother to *Io. Paan* (whom inwardly I alwaies grudgd at for writing against *Aristotle*) or any of the Hs of Hempe hall, but a Caualier of a clean contrary house, now thou hast quite spoil'd thy selfe, from the foote to

the head I can tell how thou art fashioned.

Teterrime frater, and not *fraterrime frater*, maist thou verie wofully exclaime, for in helping him thou hast crackt thy credit through the ring, made thy infamie currant as farre as the Queenes coyne goes.

But it may be thou hast a fider cloke for this quarrell, thou wilt obiect thy Father was abusd,& that made thee write. What by mee,or *Greene*,or both?

If by *Greene* and not mee, thou shouldst haue written against *Greene* and not mee. If by both, I will answere for both,but not by both,therefore I will aunswere but for one.

Giue an instance if thou canst for thy life,wherin in any leafe of *Pierce Penilesse* I had so much as halfe a sillables relation to thee, or offred one iot of indignitie to thy Father, more than naming the greatest dignitie he hath,when for varietie of Epithites I calde thy brother *the sonne of a Ropemaker*.

We shall haue a good sonne of you anone,if you be ashamd of your fathers occupation: ah thou wilt nere thriue,that art beholding to a trade, and canst not abide to heare of it.

Thou dost liue by the gallows, & wou'dst not haue a shooe to put on thy foot if thy father had no traffike with the hangman. Had I a Ropemaker to my father, & some body had cast it in my teeth, I would foorthwith haue writ in praise of Ropemakers, & prou'd it by soūd sillogistry to be one of the 7. liberal sciences.

Somewhat I am priuie to the cause of *Greenes* inueighing against the three brothers. Thy hot-spirited brother *Richard* (a notable ruffian with his pen) hauing first tooke vpon him in his blundring Perspiual to play the lacke of both sides twixt *Martin* and vs, and snarld priuily at *Pap-hatchet*, *Pasquill*, & others, that

opposd

oppoſde themſelues againſt the open ſlaunder of that mightie platformer of Atheiſme, preſently after drib-bed forth another fooles bolt, a booke I ſhoulde ſay, which he chriſtened *The Lambe of God.*

That booke was a learned booke, a labourd booke; for three yere before he put it in print, he had preacht it all without booke.

I my ſelfe haue ſome of it in a booke of Setmons that my Tutor at Cambridge made mee gather euery Sunday. Then being very yoong, I counted it the ab-iecteſt and frothieſt forme of Diuinitie that came in that place. Now more confirmed in age and Art, I confirme my ill opinion of it.

Neither do I vrge this as if it were a hainous thing for a man to put ſermons in print after hee preacht them, but obſerue the proud humor of the pert Didi-mus, that thinks nothing hee ſpeakes but deſerues to be put in print, and ſpeakes not that ſentence in the Pulpit, which before he rough-hewes not ouer with his penne. Beſides, I taxe him for turning an olde coate (like a Broker) and ſelling it for a new.

Theſe and a thouſand more imperfections might haue beene buried with his bookes in the bottome of a drie-fatte, and there ſlept quietly amongſt the ſha-uings of the Preſſe, if in his Epiſtle he had not beene ſo arrogantly cenſoriall.

Not mee alone did hee reuile and dare to the com-bat, but gyrckt at *Pap-hatchet* once more, and miſter-med all our other Poets and writers about London, piperly make-plaies and make-bates.

Hence *Greene*, beeing chiefe agent for the compa-nie (for hee writ more than foure other, how well I will not ſay: but *Sat citò, ſi ſat benè*) tooke occaſi-on to canuaze him a little in his Cloth-breeches

and Veluet breeches, and because by some probable collections hee gest the elder brothers hand was in it, he coupled them both in one yoake, and to fulfill the prouerbe *Tria sunt omnia* thrust in the third brother who made a perfect parriall of Pamphleters.

About some seauen or eight lines it was which hath pluckt on an inuectiue of so many leaues. Had hee liu'd *Gabriel*, and thou shouldst so vnarteficially and odiously libeld against him as thou hast done, he would haue made thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come, and driuen thee to eate thy owne booke butterd, as I sawe him make an Apparriter once in a Tauern eate his Citation waxe and all, very handsomly seru'd twixt two dishes.

Out vppon thee for an arrant dog-killer, strike a man when he is dead,

So Hares may pull dead Lions by the beards.

Memorandum, I borrowed this sentence out of a Play. The Theater Poets hall, hath many more such prouerbes to persecute thee with, because th ou hast so scornefully derided their profession, and despitefully maligned honest sports.

Before I vnbowell the leane Carcase of thy book any further, Ile drinke one cup of lambswooll, *to the Lambe of God and his enemies.*

In the first foure leaues of it I haue singled out these Godly and fruitfull obseruations.

Noble Lord I doe it euen vpon former premisses, not for any future consequents.

My booke is not worthy of so honorable specialitie as your Patronage.

I will not prosecute it with Theologicall peculiars, but from the mouth of the sword I speake, &c.

The hearts of the wicked pant, their spirits faile them, they

they may well call for butter out of a Lordlie dish.

You that bee gentle Readers doe you not laugh at this Lawiers english *of former premisses and future consequents.*

O finicalitie *your Patronages speciallitie*, but if he prosecute it with *Theologicall peculiars*, we must needs thrust him *inter oues & boues, & reliqua pecora campi.*

From the mouth of the sword I speake it, *that butter out of a Lordly dish* is but lewd diet for the Pulpit.

But this is not halfe the littour of inckehorniſme, that those foure pages haue pigd . I must tell you of the *Octonarium of Ramus, the Sesquiamus of Phrigius, the Carthusianisme of Gulielmus Rikel, of Annals Diaries, Cronologies & Tropologicall schoolemen, The Abetulis of the Æthiopians or Pretoioannans, of Gulielmus minatensis, & S. Ierome allegorized & Abdias, Lyra, Gryson, Porta, Pantaleon.*

All which hee reckons vp to make the world beleeue he hath read much but alleadgeth nothing out of them: Nor I thinke on my conscience euer read or knew what they meane, but as he hath stole them by the wholesale out of some Booksellers Catalogue, or a table of Tractats.

Here are some of his profounde Annotations, *Iacob tooke* Leah *for his bedfellowe in the darke by night in steede of* Rachell, *whereby I learne to buy my wife candle to goe to bed withall, and admit her not by darke but by light.*

Iacob *was deceiued by* Labans *words*: ergo, *Obligations are better than bils, and we must beleeue no man except he will waxe and multiplie in words, and call inke & parchment to witnes.*

Iacob *laide pilled rods with white strakes in the watring places of the sheepe, whereby I note that in carnal*

mixture

mixture the ſenſes are opened.

Iudge you that be the Fathers of the Church whether this be fit matter to edifie or no.

It was not for nothing brother Richard that *Greene* told you you kiſt your Pariſhioners wiues with holy kiſſes, for you that wil talk *of opening the ſenſes by carnal mixture* (the very act of lecherie) in a Theological Treatiſe, and in the Pulpit, I am afraide in a priuater place you will practiſe as much as you ſpeake. *Homines rarò niſi malè locuti malè faciunt. Olet hircum, olet hircum,* anie modeſt eare would abhorre to heare it.

Farewell vncleane Vicar, and God make thee an honeſt man, for thou art too baudy for mee to deale with all.

It followes in the Text.

To my verie good friend Maiſter Emanuell Demetrius.

This Letter of M. *Bird* to M. *Demetrius*, ſhoulde ſeeme by all reference or collation of ſtiles, to bee a Letter which M. *Birds* ſecretarie *Doctour Gabriell* indited for him in his owne praiſe, and got him to ſette hand to when he had done. Or rather it is no letter, but a certificate (ſuch as Rogues haue) from the head men of the Pariſh where hee was borne, *that* Gabriel *is an excellent generall Scholler, and his Father of good behauiour.*

We will not beleeue it except wee ſee the Towne ſeale ſette to it: but ſay wee ſhould beleeue it, what doth it make for thee? Haue the Townesmen of *Saffron Waldon* euer heard thee preach, that they ſhould commend thee for an excellent generall ſcholler? or (becauſe thou profeſſeſt thy ſelf a Ciuilian) haſt thou ſollicited any of their cauſes in the bawdy Courtes therabouts. If not, go your wayes a dolt as you came,

Maiſter

Maiſter *Birdes* Letter ſhall not repriue you from the ladder.

But Veluet-breeches and Cloth-breeches (by the iudgement of the beſt man of none of the leaſt townes in Eſſex) *is a fantaſticall and fond Dialogue, and one of the moſt licentious intollerable inuectiues that euer hee read.*

Why?

In it is abuſed an auncient neighbour of his.

How is he abuſed?

In ſtead of his name, hee is called by the craft hee gets his liuing with.

He hath borne office in VValden *aboue twenty yere ſince (hoc eſt* had the keeping of the Towne ſtocke, *alias* the ſtocks) *Ergo* he is no Rope-maker.

He hath maintaind foure ſonnes at Cambridge: Ergo Greene is a lewd fellow to ſay he gets his liuing backward.

Three of his ſonnes vniuerſally ridiculouſlie reputed of (for inamoratos on their owne works) *in both Vniuerſities and the whole Realme.* The fourth is ſhrunke in the writing; or elſe the Print ſhoulde haue heard of him.

One of the three (whom the *Quip* entitles the Phyſition) *returning ſicke from Norwitch to Linne in Iulie laſt*, was paſt writing any more Almanackes, before *Greene* ere imagined God had thought ſo well of him to take him to him.

Liuor poſt quieſcat. Mother Liuers of Newington is a better fortune-teller than he was a Phiſition.

Foure Letters

A Dash through the dudgen

Sonnet against *Greene*.

Put vp thy ſmiter O gentle Peter,
Author and halter make but ill meeter.
I ſcorne to anſwer thy miſhapen rime,
Blocks haue cald ſchollers bayards ere this time.

I would trot a falſe gallop through the reſt of his ragged Verſes, but that if I ſhould retort his rime dogrell aright, I muſt make my verſes (as he doth his) run hobling like a Brewers Cart vpon the ſtones, and obſerue no length in their feete, which were *abſurdum per abſurdius*, to infect my vaine with his imitation.

The Analaſis of the whole is this: an olde mechanical meeter-munger would faine raile if he had anie witte. If *Greene* were *dogge-ſicke and brain-ſicke*, ſure he (poore ſecular Satiriſt) is dolt-ſicke and brainleſſe that with the toothleſſe gums of his Poetry ſo betuggeth a dead man.

But I cannot be induced to beleue a graue man of his ſort ſhou'd be ere ſo *rauingly* bent: when all coms to all, *ſhorteſt vowels and longeſt mutes* will bewray it to bee a webbe of your owne loomes M. *Gabriel*: you *mute* foorth many ſuch phraſes in the courſe of your booke, which I will point at as I paſſe by.

I will not robbe you of your due commendation in any thing: in this Sonnet you haue counterfeited the ſtile of the olde Vice in the Morrals, as right vp and downe as may be.

Let *Greene the Conny-catcher of this dreame the author,*
For his dayntie deuiſe deſerueth the hanter.

Vice.

Vice. Hey nan a non ſir, ſoft let mee make water,
VVhip it to go, Ile kiſſe my maiſters daughter.
Tum diddy, tum da, ſalangtedo diddle,
Sol la me fa ſol, conatus in fiddle.

I am afraide your *Doctors fart* will fall out to be a fatall foyſt to your breeches, if we followe you at the hard heeles as we haue begun.

Thou ſhalt not breath a whit, trip and goe, turne ouer a new leafe.

Maiſter Bird *in the abſence of M.* Demetrius. Perge porrò. *I found his wife curteous*, barlady ſir but that is ſuſpitious.

A woman is well holpen vp that does you any curteſie in the abſence of her husband, when you cannot keepe it to your ſelfe, but you muſt blab it in print.

If it were any other but Miſtris *Demetrius* (whome I haue heard to be a modeſt ſober woman, and indued with many vertues) I would play vpon it a litle more. In regard that ſhee is ſo, I forbeare; and craue pardon in that I haue ſpoken ſo much.

Yet would I haue her vnderſtand, how well *the generall ſcholler* her gueſt hath rewarded hir for his kind entertainment, by bringing her name in queſtion in print.

M. *Bird* and *Demetrius*, I knowe neither of you by ſight, but this Ile ſay, being of that welth you are, you had better haue ſpent a great deale of money, than come in the mouth of this baſe companion.

VVhat reaſon haue I (ſeeing your names ſubſcribed as his bolſterer, in a matter of defame that concernes mee) but to go through ſtitch with you as well as him.

He thinks to ouer-beare vs as poore beggers with

the great ostentation of your rich acquaintance.

Lette all Noblemen take heede how they giue this *Thraso* the leaſt becke or countenance, for if they beſtowe but halfe a glaunce on him, hele ſtraight put it verie ſolemnly in print, and make it ten times more than it is.

Ile tell you a merry ieaſt.

The time was when this *Timothie Tiptoes* made a Latine Oration to her Maieſtie. Her Highnes as ſhee is vnto all her ſubiects moſt gratious: ſo to ſchollers ſhe is more louing and affable than any Prince vnder heauen. In which reſpect, of her owne vertue and not his deſert, it pleaſed hir ſo to humble the height of hir iudgement, as to grace him a little while ſhe was pronouncing, by theſe or ſuch like tearmes. *Tis a good pretie fellow, a lookes like an Italian*, and after hee had concluded, to call him to kiſſe her royall hand. Herevppon hee goes home to his ſtudie all intrauniced, and writes a whole volume of Verſes; firſt *De vultu Itali*, of the countenance of the Italian; and then *De oſculo manus*, of his kiſſing the Queenes hande. VVhich two Latin Poems he publiſht in a booke of his cald *Ædes Valdinenſes*, proclaiming thereby (as it were to England, Fraunce, Italie and Spaine, what fauour hee was in with her Maieſtie.

I diſmiſſe this *Parentheſis*, and *come to his next buſineſſe*, which indeede is his firſt buſineſſe: for tyll *Greene* awakte him out of his ſelfe admiring contemplation, hee had nothing to doe, but walke vnder the Ewe tree at Trinitie hall, and ſay:

What may I call this tree, an Ewe tree O bonny Ewe tree,
Needes to thy boughs will bow this knee, and vaile my bonnete.

Or make verſes of weathercocks on the top of ſteeples, as he did once of the weathercocke of Alhallows in Cambridge:

O thou weathercocke that ſtands on the top of the Church of Alhallows,
Come thy waies down it thou darſt for thy crowne and take the wall on vs.

O Heatheniſh and Pagan Hexamiters, come thy waies down frō thy *Doctourſhip*, & learne thy Primer of Poetry ouer again, for certainly thy pen is in ſtate of a Reprobate with all men of iudgement and reckoning.

Come thy waies downe from thy Doctourſhip ſaid I? *Errauí demens* thou neuer went ſt vp to it yet.

Fie on hypocriſie and Diſſimulation, that men ſhould make themſelues better than they are.

Alas a Gods will thou art but a plaine motheaten Maiſter of Art, and neuer pollutedſt thy ſelfe with any plaiſter of Doctourſhip.

Liſt Pauls Churchyard (the peruſer of euerie mans works & Exchange of all Authors) you are a many of you honeſt fellows, and fauour men of wit.

So it is that a good Gowne and a well pruned paire of mouſtachios, hauing ſtudied ſixteene yeare to make thirteene ill engliſh Hexameters, came to the Vniuerſity Court *regentium & non* to ſue for a commiſſion to carry two faces in a hoode, they not vſing to deny honour to any man that deſerued it, bad him performe all the Schollerlike ceremonies and diſputatiue right appertaining thereto, and he ſhould bee inſtalled.

Noli me tangere, he likt none of that.

A ſtripling that hath an indifferent prety ſtocke, of reputation abroade in the worlde already, and ſome credit amongſt his neighbours as he thinketh, would

be loth to ieoperd all at one throwe at the dice.

If hee ſhould haue diſputed for his degree, diſcended *in arenam & puluerem Philoſophicum*, and haue beene foild, *Aih me quoth* VVit *in lamentable ſort*, what ſhould haue become of him, hee might haue beene ſhot through ere hee were aware with a Sillogiſme.

No point, *Ergo*, it were wiſely done of goodman *Boores* ſonne if he ſhould goe to the warres for honor and returne with a wodden legge, when he may buy a Captaineſhip at home better cheape.

Pumps and Pantofles becauſe they were well blackt and gliſtered iolly freſhly on it, being rubd ouer with inke, had their grace at length to be Doctour *Ea lege*, that they ſhould do their acts (that is, performe more than they were able)

Curſt be the time that euer there were any obligations made with conditions, *Unde habeas quærit nemo ſed oportet habere*, Howe Dorbell comes to bee Doctour none asks, but Doctour hee muſt bee to make him right worſhipfull.

Acts are but idle wordes, and the Scripture ſaith, wee muſt giue account for euery idle word.

Pumps and Pantofles ſweare they will iet away with a cleare conſcience at the daie of iudgement, and therfore do no Acts, giue no offence with idle words, onelie like a Hauke let flie at a Partridge, that turnes the taile and betakes her to a walnut-tree, ſo to Oxford they trudge hauing their grace *ad diſputandum*, and there are confirmed in the ſame degree they took at Cambridge: which is as if a Prentiſe heere in London, as ſoone as hee is enrould, ſhould runne to ſome ſuch Towne as Ipſwich, and there craue to haue his Freedome confirmd as of London, which in truth

is

is no Freedome becauſe hee hath not ſeru'd out his prentiſhip.

Truſt mee not for a dodkin, if there bee not all the Doctouriſhiphee hath, yet will the inſolent inke-horne worme write himſelfe Right worſhipfull of the Lawes, and perſonate this man and that man, calling him *my good friend Maiſter Doctour* at euery word.

Doctour or no Doctour *Greene ſurfeted not of Pickled hearing but of an exceeding feare* of his Familiar Epiſtles.

Hee offred in his extreameſt want twentie ſhillings to the Printer to leaue out the matter of the three brothers.

Haud facile credo, I am ſure the Printer beeing of that honeſtie that I take him for, will not affirme it.

Marry this I muſt ſay, there was a learned Doctour of Phiſicke (to whom Greene in his ſickeneſſe ſent for counſaile) that hauing read ouer the booke of Veluet breeches and Clothbreeches, and laughing merrilie at the three brothers legend, wild Green in any caſe either to mittigate it or leaue it out: Not for any extraordinarie account hee made of the fraternitie of fooles, but for one of them was proceeded in the ſame faculti e of Phiſicke hee profeſt, and willingſie hee would haue none of that excellent calling ill ſpoken off.

This was the cauſe of the altring of it, the feare of his Phiſitions diſpleaſure, not any feare elſe.

I keepe your *conſcious minde* with all other odde ends of your halfe fac'd engliſh till the full concluſion of my booke, where in an honorable *Index* they ſhall be placed according to their degree and ſeguiorite.

VVee

We are to vexe you mightely for plucking *Elderton* out of the aſhes of his Ale, and not letting him inioy his nappie muſe of ballad making to himſelfe, but now when he is as dead as dead beere, you muſt bee finding fault with the brewing of his meeters.

Hough *Thomas Delone, Phillip Stubs, Robert Armin*, &c. Your father *Elderton* is abus'd. Reuenge, reuenge on courſe paper and want of matter, that hath moſt ſacriligiouſly contaminated the diuine ſpirit & quinteſſence of a penny a quart.

Helter skelter, feare no colours, courſe him, trounce him, one cup of perfect bonauenture licour will inſpire you with more wit and Schollerſhip than hee hath thruſt into his whole packet of Letters.

You that bee lookers on perhaps imagine I talke like a merry man, and not in good earneſt when I ſay that *Eldertons* ghoſt and *Gabriel* are at ſuch ods: but then you knowe nothing, for there hath beene monſtrous emulation twixt *Elderton* and him time out of mind. Yea, they were riuals in riming foure yeare before the great froſt. Hee expreſſely writ againſt him, 1580. *In his ſhort but ſharpe and learned iudgement of Earthquakes.*

Broome boyes, and cornecutters, (or whatſoeuer trade is more contemptible) come not in his way, ſtand fortie foote from the execution place of his furie, for elſe in the full tide of his ſtandiſh he will carrie your occupations handſmooth out of towne before him, beſmeare them, drowne them, downe the riuer they goe *Priuily* to the Ile of Dogges with his Pamphlets.

O it is a peſtilent libeller againſt beggers, hee meanes ſhortly to ſet foorth a booke cald his Paraphraſe vpon Paris Garden, wherein hee will ſo tamper

per with the interpreter of the Puppits, and betouſe Harry of Fame and great Ned, that Titius *ſhall not vpbraid* Caius *with euerie thing and nothing*, *nor* Zoylus *anie more flurt* Homer, *nor* Therſites *fling at* Agamemnon.

Holla, holla, holla, *flurt*, *fling*, what reaſty Rhetoricke haue we here? certes, certes brother *hoddy doddy*, your penne is a coult by cockes body.

As touching the libertie of Orators and Poets, I will conferre with thee ſomewhat grauely, although thou beeſt a gooſe-cappe and haſt no iudgement.

A libertie they haue thou ſayſt, *but no liberty without bounds, no licence without limitation*.

Ieſu what miſter wonders doſt thou tell vs? euery thing hath an end, and a pudding hath two.

That libertie Poets of late in their inuectiues haue exceeded, they haue borne their ſword vp, where it is not lawfull for a poynado that is but the page of proweſſe to intermeddle.

Thou bringſt in *Mother Hubbard* for an inſtance. Go no further, but here confeſſe thy ſelfe a flat nodgſcombe before all this congregation; for thou haſt dealt by thy friend as homely as thou didſt by thy father.

Who publikely accuſde or of late brought *Mother Hubbard* into queſtion, that thou ſhouldſt by rehearſall rekindle againſt him the ſparkes of diſpleaſure that were quenched?

Forgot hee the *pure ſanguine of his Fairy Queene* ſayſt thou?

A *pure ſanguine* ſot art thou, that in vaine-glory to haue *Spencer* known for thy friend, and that thou haſt ſome intereſt in him, cenſereſt him worſe than his deadlieſt enemie would do.

If any man were vndeseruedly toucht in it, thou hast reuiued his disgrace that was so toucht in it, by renaming it, when it was worn out of al mens mouths and minds.

Besides, whereas before I thought it a made matter of some malitious moralizers against him, and no substance of slaunder in truth, now when thou (that proclaimest thy selfe the only familiar of his bosome, and therefore shouldst know his secretes) giues it out in print that he ouershotte himselfe therein; it cannot chuse but be suspected to be so indeed.

Immortall *Spencer*, no frailtie hath thy fame, but the imputation of this Idiots friendship: vpon an vnspotted *Pegasus* should thy gorgeous attired *Fayrie Queene* ride triumphant through all reports dominions, but that this mud-born bubble, this bile on the browe of the Vniuersitie, this bladder of pride newe blowne, challengeth some interest in her prosperitie.

Of pitch who hath any vse at all, shall be abusd by it in the end.

High grasse that florisheth for a season on the house toppe, fadeth before the haruest cals for it, and maye well make a fayre shewe, but hath no sweetnesse in it. Such is this Asse in present, this grosse painted image of pride, who would faine counterfeite a good witte, but scornfull pittie his best patron, knows it becomes him as ill, as an vnweldy Elephant to imitate a whelpe in his wantonnes.

I wote not how it fals out, but his inuention is ouerweapond; he hath some good words, but he cannot writhe them and tosse them to and fro nimbly, or so bring them about, that hee maye make one streight thrust at his enemies face.

Coldly and dally *idem per idem* who cannot indite?

but

but with life and ſpirit to limne deadnes it ſelfe, *Hoc eſt Oratoris proprium.*

L. *Inuectiues by fauour haue beene too bolde, and Satires by vſurpation too preſumptuous.* What pleaſure brings this to the reader? Iacke of the Falcon in Cambridge can ſay as much and giue no reaſon for it.

But I can prompt you with a demonſtration wherin Inuectiues haue been too bo'd. Do you remember what you writ in your Item for Earthquakes, *of double fac'd Iani, changeable Cameleons, Aſpen leaues painted ſheathes, and ſepulchers, Aſſes in Lions skinnes, dunghill cockes ſlipperie eeles, dormiſe, &c.* Beſides your teſtimoniall ot Doctour *Perne*, wherein it pleaſed you of your ſingular liberalitie and bountie to beſtowe vpon this beautifull *Encomium* : *A buſie and dizzie head, a brazen fore head, a leaden braine, a wodden witte, a copper face, a ſtonie breſt, a factious and eluiſh heart a founder of nouelties, a confounder of his owne and his friendes good giftes, a morning booke-worme, an afternoone malt-worme, a right Iugler, as full of his ſleightes, wiles fetches, caſts of legerdemaine, toyes to mocke Apes withall, odde ſhifts and knauiſh practiſes as his skinne can holde.*

Notwithſtanding all this, *you deſie cut and longtaile, that can accuſe you of any ſcandalous part either in word or deede.*

Tully, Horace, Archilochus, Ariſtophanes, Lucian, Iulian, Aretine, goe for no paiment with you, their declamatory ſtiles brought to the grand teſt of your iudgement, are found counterfeit, *they are a venemous and viperous brood of railers*, becauſe they haue broght in a new kind of a quicke ſight, which your decrepite ſlow-moving capacitie cannot fadge with.

Tuſh, tuſh, you take the graue peake vppon you

too much, who would think you could so easily shake off your olde friendes? Did not you in the fortie one Page line 2. of your Epistles to *Collin Clout* vse this speech?

Extra iocum, *I like your* Dreames *passing well: and the rather because they sauor of that singular extraordinary vaine and inuention which I euer fancied most, and in a manner admired onely in* Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Pasquil.

Dic sodes (godamercie on *Dicke Sothis* soule, for he was a better dauncer than thou art an enditer, & with his legges he made some Musicke, there is none in thy letters) answere mee briefly I say to the point, haue I varied one vowell from thy originall text in this allegation. If not, I cannot see how the Doctours may well bee reconcild, one while to commend a man *because his writings sauour of that singular extraordinarie vaine which he onely admired in* Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Pasquil: and then in another booke afterward to come and call those *singular extraordinarie admired men, a venemous and viperous brood of frailers.*

The auncienter sort of Poets and Oratours shall plead their owne worthinesse.

Tullie neuer ouerreached himself in railing so much as in flatterie. His *Phillippicks* (sound Physick applide to a body that could not digest it) are the things that especially commended him to this art-thriuing age of ours, and had not these beene, hee would certainely haue beene sentenced by a generall verdit of histories, for a timerous time-pleaser.

VVho cannot draw a curtaine before a deformed picture. *Plautus* personated no Parasite, but he made him a slaue or a bondman.

Fawning and croutching are the naturall gestures

of

of feare, and if it bee a vertue for a vaſſaile to licke a mans ſhooes with his tongue, ſure it is but borrowed from the dogges, and ſo is biting too, if it bee accompanied with ouer lowd barking, or in ſuch wiſe as it cannot pinch but it muſt breake the fleſh and drawe bloud.

Horace, Perſeus, Iuuenall, my poore iudgment lendeth you plentifull allowance of applauſe: yet had you with the *Phrigian* melodie, that ſtirreth men vp to battaile and furie, mixt the *Dorian* tune, that fauoreth mirth and pleaſure, your vnſugred pilles (howeuer excellently medicinable) would not haue beene ſo harſh in the ſwallowing. So likewiſe *Archilochus*, thou like the preachers to the Curtizans in Roome, that expound to them all Lawe and no Goſpell, art all gall and no ſpleene. Hence came it to paſſe, that with the meere efficacy of thy incenſed *Iambicks* thou mad'ſt a man runne and hang himſelfe that had angerd thee.

Thee I imbrace *Ariſtophanes*, not ſo much for thy Comœdie of the clowd which thou wrotſt againſt philoſophers, as for in al other thy inuentions thou interfuſeſt delight with reprehenſion.

Lucian, Iulian, Aretine, all three admirably bleſt in the abundant giftes of art and nature: yet Religion which you ſought to ruinate, hath ruinated your good names, and the oppoſing of your eyes againſt the bright ſunne, hath cauſd the worlde condemne your ſight in all other thinges. I proteſt were you ought elſe but abhominable Atheiſtes, I would obſtinately defende you, onely becauſe *Laureate Gabriell* articles againſt you.

This I will iuſtifie againſt any *Dromidote* Ergoniſt whatſoeuer, there is no other vnlaſciuious vſe or end

of poetry, but to infamize vice, and magnifie vertue, and that if they assemble all the examples of verse-founders from *Homer* to *Hugh Copland*, they shall not find anie of them but hath encountred with the generall abuses of his times.

Whatsoeuer harpeth not of one these two strings of praise and reproofe, is as it were a *Dirige* in prick-song without any dittie set to it, that haply may tickle the eare, but neuer edifies.

In the Romaine common-wealths it was lawful for Poets to reproue that enormitie in the highest chairs of authoritie, which none else durst touch, alwaies the sacred Maiestie of their *Augustus* kept inuiolate: for that was a Plannet exalted aboue their Hexameter horizon, & it was capitall to them in the highest degree to dispute of his setting and rising, or search inquisitiuely into his predominance and influence.

The secrets of God must not be searcht into. Kings are Gods on earth, their actions must not be sounded by their subiects.

Seneca Neroes Tutor, founde his death in no verse but *Octauia*. Imperious *Lucan* sprinkled but one drop of bloud on his imperiall chayre, and perisht by him also.

Ouid once saw *Augustus* in a place where he would not haue beene seene, he was exilde presently to those countries no happy man hears of.

Long might hee in a blinde Metamorphosis haue playd vppon all the wenches in Roome, and registred their priuie scapes, vpbrayded inhospitalitie with the fable of *Licaon*: alluded to some Ambodexter Lawyer vnder the storie of *Battus*: haue described a noted vnthrift, whose substaunce hawkes and hounds haue deuoured, in the tale of *Acteon*, that was eaten

vp

vp by his owne dogges: mocke Alcumistes with *Midas*: picture de inamaratos vnder *Narcissus*: and shrouded a picked effeminate Carpet Knight vnder the fictionate person of *Hermophroditus*; with a thousand more such vnexileable ouer-thwart merriments, if lust had not led him beyond the prospect of his birth, or hee seene a meaner man sinning than an Emperour.

Sancta Maria ora pro nobis, how hath my pen lost it selfe in a croude of Poets.

Gaffer *Iobbernoule*, once more well ouer-taken, how dost thou, how dost thou? holde vp thy heade man, take no care, though *Greene* be dead, yet I may liue to doe thee good.

But *by the meanes of his death thou art deprived of the remedie in lawe, which thou intendedst to haue had against him for calling thy Father Ropemaker* Mas thats true, what Action will it beare? *Nihil pro nihilo*, none in law, what it will doe vpon the stage! cannot tell; for there a man maye make action besides his part, when he hath nothing at all to say: and if there, it is but a clowniſh action that it will beare: for what can bee made of a Ropemaker more than a Clowne. *Will Kempe*, I mistrust it will fall to thy lot for a merriment one of these dayes.

In short tearmes thus I demur vpon thy long Kentish-tayld declaration against *Greene*.

Hee inherited more vertues than vices, a iolly long red peake like the spire of a steeple hee cherisht continually without cutting, where ta man might hang a Iewell, it was so sharpe and pendant.

VVhy should art answer for the infirmities of maners? Hee had his faultes, and thou thy follyes.

Debt and deadly sinne who is not subiect to?

VVith

with any notorious crime I neuer knew him tainted; (& yet tainting is no infamous surgerie for him that, hath beene in so many hote skirmishes).

A good fellowe bee was, and would haue drunke with thee for more *angels* then the Lord thou libeldst on, *gaue thee in Christs Colledge*, and in one yeare hee pist as much against the walls, as thou and thy two brothers spent in three.

In a night & a day would he haue yarkt vp a Pamphlet as well as in seauen yeare, and glad was that Printer that might bee so blest to pay him deare for the very dregs of his wit.

Hee made no account of winning credite by his workes, as thou dost, that dost no good workes, but thinkes to bee famosed by a strong faith of thy owne worthines, his only care was to haue a spel in his purse to coniure vp a good cuppe of wine with at all times.

For the lowsie circumstance of his pouerty before his death, and sending that miserable writte to his wife, it cannot be but thou lyest learned *Gabriell*.

I and one of my fellowes *Will. Monox* (Hast thou neuer heard of him and his great dagger?) were in company with him a month before he died, at that fatall banquet of Rhenish wine and pickled hearing, (if thou wilt needs haue it so) and then the inuentorie of his apparrell came to more than three shillings (though thou saist the contrarie.) I know a Broker in a spruce leather ierkin with a great number of golde Rings on his fingers, and a bunch of keies at his girdle, shall giue you thirty shillings for the doublet alone, if you can helpe him to it. Harke in your eare, hee had a very faire Cloake with sleeues, of a graue goose turd greene, it would serue you as fine as may bee: No more words if you bee wise play the good husband

husband and liſten after it, you may buy it ten ſhillings better cheape than it coſt him. By S. Siluer it is good to bee circumſpect in caſting for the worlde, theres a great many ropes go to tenſhillings. If you want a greaſy paire of ſilk ſtockings alſo to ſhew your ſelfe in at the Court, they are there to be had too amongſt his moueables. *Fruſtra fit per plura quod fieri poteſt per pauciora*: It is policie to take a rich penniworth whiles it is offred.

Alas euen his fellow writer that proper yoong man, almoſt ſcorns to cope with thee thou art ſuch a crow troden Aſſe: doſt thou *in ſome reſpectes wiſh him well and ſpare his name?* in ſome reſpects ſo doth hee wiſh thee as well? (*hoc eſt*, to be as well knowne for a foole as my Lord *Welles*) and promiſeth by me to talke very ſparingly of thy praiſe. For thy name, hee will not ſtoupe to plucke it out of the mire, and put it in his mouth.

By this bleſſed cuppe of ſacke which I now holde in my hand, and drinke to the health of all Chriſten ſoules in, thou art a puiſſant Epitapher.

Yea? thy Muſes foot of the twelues; old long Meg of Weſtminſter? Then I trowe thou wilt ſtride ouer *Greenes* graue and not ſtumble: If you doe, wee ſhall come to your taking vp.

Letter.

Here lies the man whom Miſtris Iſam *crownd with bays,*
She, ſhe that ioyd to heare her Nightingales ſweete lays.

Comment.

Here Miſtris *Iſam Gabriel* ſcoutes thy bays,
Scratch out his eyes that printeth thy diſpraiſe.

She, ſhe will ſcratch, and like a ſcritching night-owle come and make a diſmal noiſe vnder thy cham-

ber windowe for deriding her ſo dunſtically. A bigge fat luſty wench it is, that hath an arme like an Amazon, and will bang thee abhominationly if euer ſhee catch thee in her quarters. It is not your *Poet Gariſh, and your forehorſe of the pariſh* that ſhall redeeme you from her fingers, but ſhee will *make actuall proofe of you*, according as you deſire of God in the vnder following lines.

The next weeke Maiſter *Bird* (if his inke-pot haue a cleare current) hee will haue at you with a cap-caſe full of French occurrences, that is, ſhape you a meſſe of newes out of the ſecond courſe of his conceit, as his brother is ſaid out of the fabulous abundance of his braine to haue inuented the newes out of *Calabria*, (*Iohn Doletas* propheſie of flying dragons, commets, Earthquakes, and inundations.)

I am ſure it is not yet worne out of mens ſcorn, for euery Miller made a comment of it, and not an oyſter wife but mockt it.

When that fly-boat of Frenchery is once launcht, your trenchor attendant *Gamaliel Hobgoblin* intends to tickle vp a Treatiſe of the barly kurnell which you ſet in your garden, out of which there ſprung (as you auouched) twelue ſeuerall eares of corne at one time.

Redoubted Parma *was neuer ſo matcht* if hee kindle the match of his meeterdome, and let driue at him with a volley of verſes. Let not his principalitie truſt too much to it, becauſe his name is Latin for a ſhield; for *Poet Hobbinoll* hauing *a gallant wit and a brazen penne, will honourably bethinke him, and euen ambitiouſly frame his ſtile to a noble emulation of* Liuie, Homer, *and the diuineſt ſpirites of all ages*, as hee hath done to the emulation of *Tullie* heeretofore, when hee com-

compiled a Pamphlet, called *Ciceronis Consolatio ad Dolobellam*, and publisht it as a newe part of *Tullie*, which had bin hidde in a VVall a thousand and odde yeares and was found out by him before it euer found beeing.

The circumstance was this; going downe the water at Cambridge one summer euening, and asking certaine questions of the Eccho at Barnewell wall (as the manner is passing by) holding her verie narrowly to the poynt, she reuealed vnto him what a treasure shee had hidden amongst her stones; namely, this new part of *Gabrielis Ciceronis consolatio ad Dolobellam*: and though she was verie loath to disclose it, yet becauſe shee knewe not how soone God might call her; *videlicet*, how sodainely shee might fall; to discharge her conscience before her death, shee would deliuer it vp as freely vnto him as euer it was hers, come and digge for it hee shoulde haue it. Neuer more glad was shee in her life, that since shee must needes surrender it to the light, she had chaunst vppon such a Cardinall Corrigidore of incongruitie, and *Tullies* nexte and immediate succeſſour vnder *Carre*, to whose carefull repolishing she might commit it.

Keepe it quoth she?

No, if it were a booke of golde it is THINE, reade it, new print it, dedicate it *from thy gallery at Trinitie Hall* to whom thou wilt.

VVhether hee vsde a spade or a mattocke for the vnburying of it I know not, but extant it is, and of a hundred I haue heard that it is his.

O *Gabriell*, if thou hast any manhood in thy starcht peake, looke vpon me and weepe not.

From this day forward shall a whole army of boies

come wondring about thee as thou goeſt in the ſtreet and cry *kulleloo, kulleloo, with whup hoo*, there goes the Ape of *Tully*: tih he he, ſteale *Tully*, ſteale *Tully*, away with the Aſſe in the Lions skinne.

Nay but in ſadneſſe, is it not a ſinfull thing for a Scholler & a Chriſtian to turne *Tully*? a Turke would neuer doe it.

Be counſaild in thy calamitie, write no more *Conſolatios ad Dolabellam*, but *Conſolatio ad Doctorē Gabrielem*; thy ſelfe comfort thy ſelfe, and learn to make a vertue of contempt.

Ad ruentem parietem ne inclina, is a Prouerbe which would haue preuented all this, if thou couldſt haue ſufferd thy ſelfe to haue beene directed by it: for firſt and formoſt hadſt not thou ſtept forth to vnder-prop the ruinous wall of thy brothers reputation, I had neuer medled with thee; if thou hadſt not leand too much to an olde wall, when thou pluckſt *Tullie* out of a wall, the damnation of this ieſt had bin yet vnbegotten.

He that hath born ſaile in two tempeſts of ſhame, makes a ſport of ſhippe-wracke of good name euer after.

The wall of the welfare of Fraunce that is ſtarted from her King, her true foundation, thy writinges (more wretched than France) would faine cleaue vnto if they cou'd tell how, and *count it a felicity to haue the oportunitie of ſo heroicall an argument*.

God helpe *Alexander* if hee haue no other Poet to emblazon his atchieuements but *Cherillus*.

High reſolued Earle of *Eſſex* and vertuous Sir *Iohn Norris* Englands champions, enuied tranquilities confidence, vnworthy are your aduentures Iliades to bee reported by ſuch a ragged reede, as the

iar-

iarring Pipe of this *Batillus*. The Portugal's & Frenchmens feare will lend your Honors richer ornaments, than his low-flighted affection (fortunes ſummer to-lower) can frame them.

The ſeale that I ſet to your vertues be ſilence; the argument of prayſe is vnauthorized in any mans mouth but o'de age.

VVhen the better parte of youthes feruence is boyld away, and that the ſhowres of many ſorrowes haue ſeaſond our greene heads with experience, with the wither-fac'd weather-beaten Mariner, that talks quaking and ſhudderingly of a ſtorme that hee hath newly toyld through, our wordes will bee written in our viſage

Euen as the ſunne, ſo no ſcience ſhines in his compleate glory till it be ready to decline.

Theſe be the concluſions that gray hairs prune & cut downe the proſperitie of yong yeares with as faſt as it aſpires, but let the feare Oake looke himſelfe in the glaſſe of truth; and he ſhal find that *Methuſalems* bleſſing is imbecillitie beſtowed on any creature but the Foxe, who neuer is a right Foxe till he be ripe for the dunghill.

If my ſtile holde on this ſober Mules pace but a ſheete or two further, I ſhall haue a long beard lyke an Iriſh mantle droppe out of my mouth before I be aware.

Marry God forfend, for at no hand can I endure to haue my cheeks muffled vp in furre like a Muſcouian, or weare any of this VVelch freeze on my face.

O it is a miſerable thing to dreſſe haire like towe twixt a mans teeth, when one cannot drinke but hee muſt thruſt a great ſpunge into the cup, & ſo cleanſe his coole porridge as it were through a ſtrayner ere

it comes to his lippes.

This ſecond Epiſtle I haue ſaid prettily well too, I thinke we were beſt begin THIRDLY VVHEREAS, for feare a volume ſteale vpon vs vnlookt for.

The Arrainment and Execution of the third Letter.

To euerie Reader fauourably or indifferently affected.

TEXT ſtand to the Barre. Peace there belowe. *Albeit for theſe twelue or thirteene yeares no man hath beene more loath or more ſcrupulous than my ſelfe &c.*

The body of mee hee begins like a proclamation: ſufficeth it wee knowe you your minde though you ſay no more.

Is not this your drift? you would haue the worlde ſuppoſe you were vrgde to that which proceeded of your owne good nature: like ſome that will ſeeme to bee intreated to take a high place of preferment vpon them, which priuilie before they haue prayde and payde for, and put all their ſtrength to clymbe vp to.

You would foiſt in *non cauſam pro cauſa*, haue it thought your flight from your olde companions obſcuritie and ſilence was onely with *Æneas* to carry your Father on your backe through the fire of ſlaunder, and by that ſhift with a falſe plea of patience vniuſtly driuen from his kingdome, filch away the harts of the Queenes liege people.

The backe of thoſe creple excuſes I haue broke

in the beginning of my booke, if you haue anie new infringement to destitute the inditement of forgerie that I bring against you, so it is.

Heere enters Argumentum a testimonio humano, like Tamberlaine drawne in a Chariot by foure Kings.

I THAT IN MY YOVTH FLATTERD NOT MY SELFE VVITH THE EXCEEDING COMMENDATION OF THE GREATEST SCHOLLER IN THE VVORLD, &c.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus auena.

Ah neighbourhood, neighbourhood, dead and buried art thou with Robinhood, a poore creature here is faine to commend himselfe, for want of friendes to speake for him.

Not the least, but the greatest Schollers in the VVORLD, haue not only but exceedingly fedde him fat in his humor of *Braggadochio Glorioso*.

Yea Spencer *him hath often* Homer *tearmd,*
And Mounsier Bodkin *vowd as much as he:*
Yet cares not *Nashe* for him a haltepeny.

Lamentable, lamentable, that an indifferent vntoward ciuill Lawyer, who hath read *Plutarch De vtilitate capienda ab inimicis*, & can talke of *Titius and Sempronius*, should be no more set by, but SET BY, thrust aside, while his betters carry the bredth of the street before them.

Misery will humble the haughtiest heart in the world: *Habemus reum confitentẽ*, he confesseth himself a sinner in vnsufficiency, yet for all that the aduersitie

of

of vniuerſall obloquy hath laide a heauie hande on him, ſtill he retaineth (like conceald land) ſome part of his proud mind in a beggers purſe, ſcorneth to ſay *Fortune my foe*, or aske a good word for Gods ſake of anie man.

In the plainneſſe of his puft vp nature, he will defie anie man that dare accuſe him of that he is.

VVhy, why, *infractiſsime* PISTLEPRAGMOS, though *you were yong in yeares, freſh in courage, greene in experience, and ouer-weaning in conceipt* (we will refuſe nothing that you giue vs) when you priuately wrote the letters, *that afterward* (by no other but your ſelfe) *were publiquely diuulged*; yet when the bladder is burſt that held you vp ſwimming in ſelfe loue, you muſt not be diſcontented though you ſink.

I haue *toucht the vlcer of your Oratourſhip*, in requiting the nick-name of *The Deuils Oratour*. An Vlcer you may well chriſten it, as an vlcer is a ſwelling, for it was a ſwelling of ambition, no *modeſt petition* of anie merit of yours that did craue it.

The olde Foxe Doctour Perne throughly diſcouered you for a yoong Foppe, or elſe halfe a word *of our high Chauncelors commendation* had ſtood with him inuiolable as an Act of Parlament.

Great men in writing to thoſe they are acquainted with, haue priuie watch-words of denyal, euen in the higheſt degree of praiſing; they haue many followers, whoſe dutifull ſeruice muſt not bee diſgrac'd with a bitter repulſe in anie ſuite though vnlawfull.

It may bee ſome of theſe long deſeruers of his followers labourd him for thee, hee like *Argus* hauing eyes that pierce into all eſtates, ſaw thee when thou wert vnſeene of thy ſelfe, and knowing thee to bee

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vnworthy of any place of worth, would not discountenance his men in so smal a matter, but writ for thee very vehemently outwardly, when the soule of his letter (into which thy shallowe braine could not descend) included thy vtter mislike.

Yong blond is hot, youth hastie, ingennitie open, abuse impatient, choller stomachous, temptations busie. In a word, the Gentleman was vext, and cutte his bridle for verie anger.

The tickling and stirring innective vaine, the puffing and swelling Satiricall spirit came vpon him, as it came on *Coppinger* and *Arthington*, when they mounted into the pease-cart in Cheape-side and preacht: needes hee must cast vp certayne crude humours of English Hexameter Verses that lay vppon his stomacke, a Noble-man stoode in his way as he was vomiting, and from top to toe he all to berayd him with *Tuscanisme*.

The Mappe of Cambridge lay not farre off when he was in the depth of his drudgery, some part of the excrements of his anger fell vpon it: poore Doctour *Pernes* picture stoode in a corner of that Mappe, and by the misdemeanour of his mouth it was cleane defac'd.

Signior Immeritò (so called, because *he was and is his friend* vndeseruedly) was counterfeitly brought in to play a part in that his Enterlude of Epistles that was hist at, thinking his very name (as the name of *Ned Allen* on the common stage) was able to make an ill matter good.

I durst on my credit vndertake, *Spencer* was no way priuie to the committing of them to the print. Committing I may well call it, for in my opinion *G. H.* should not haue reapt so much discredite by beeing

committed to Newgate, as by committing that misbeleeuing prose to the Presse.

I haue vsually seene vncircumcised doltage haue the porch of his Panim pilfries very hugely pestred with praises. *Hay gee* (Gentlemen) comes in with his Plowmans whistle in prayse of *Peter Scurfe* the penne-man, and *Turlery ginkes* in a light foote Iigge libels in commendation of little witte verie loftily: but for an Author to renounce his Christendome to write in his owne commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers and Godmothers gaue him in his baptisme, and call himselfe *a welwiller to both the writers*, when hee is the onely writer himselfe; with what face doe you thinke hee can aunswere it at the day of iudgement? *Est in te facies sunt apti lusibus anni, Gabriell*, thou canst play at fast and loose as well as anie man in England.

I will not lye or backbite thee as thou hast done mee, but are not these thy wordes *to the curteous Buyer.*

Shew mee or Immerito *two English letters in print, in all pointes equall to these, both for the matter it selfe, and also for the manner of handling, and say wee neuer saw good English in our lines.*

Againe, *I esteeme them for two of the rarest and finest treaties, as well for ingenuous deuising, as significant vttering, & cleanly conueying of his matter, that euer I read in this tongue, & I hartily thank God for bestowing vpon vs such proper and able men with their penne.*

You must conceit hee was in his chamber-fellowe *welwillers* cloke when he spake this, the white-liuerd slaue was modest, and had not the hart to say so much in his owne person, but he must put on the vizard *of an vndiscreete friend.*

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It is not worth the rehearsal, *he scribled it in ieast for exercise of his speech and stile, &c. and it was the sinister hap of those vnfortunate letters* to be derided & scoft at throughout the whole realme.

The sharpest part of them were read ouer at Counsell Table, and he referd ouer to the Fleet to beare his o.d verse-fellow *noble M. Valanger* company.

There was no remedie for it but melancholy patience.

A recantation he was glad to make *by way of articles or positions*, which hee moderates with a milder name of an *apologie*, & that recantation purchast his libertie. VVherefore in gratefull lieu of the benefit he receiu'd by it (*although he hath hitherto* vnworthily *suppreſt* it) *yet he means to take occasion by this extraordinary prouocation to publish it, with not so few as fortie such Academicall exercises, and sundrie other politike discourses.*

And I deeme he will be as good as his word, for euer yet it hath beene his wont, if he writ but a letter to any friend of his, in the way of thanks for the potte of butter, gãmon of bacon, or cheese that he sent him, straight to giue coppies of it abroad in the world, and propound it to yong gentlemen he came in company with, as a more necessary & refined methode of familiar Epistles than the English tongue hath hitherto been priuy to.

Lord that men shoulde bee so malitiously bent *to frame a matter of some thing, he takes a pleasurable delight to behaue himself so that he may be laught at*, how would you prate and insult if you knewe as much by him, as he knows by himselfe.

Nashe do thy worst, the three brothers bid a Fico for thee, discommend thou them neuer so much, they will palpably praise, and so consequently dis-

praiſe themſelues more in one booke they ſet foorth, than thou canſt diſparage them in tenne: yea, rather than faile, Maiſter *Bird* ſhall leaue coppying out letters of newes, and meeter it miſchieuouſly in maintenance of their ſcurrilitiſhip and ruditie.

Three to one *parmafoy* is oddes, not one of them writes an Almanacke, but hee reckons vp all his brothers.

Bee it ſpoken heere in priuate; *Muſa Richardetti fatrizat ſat bene pretty:* The Muſe of dappert Dickie doth ſing as ſweet as a cricket.

Noſti manum & ſtilum Gabriel: it is thine own verſe in *Ædes Valdinenſes*, all ſaue the inſerting of *pretty* in ſtead of *certè* for rimes ſake.

Had Phiſition *Iohn* liu'd, or not dyde a little afore Dog-dayes, a ſinode of Piſpots would haue concluded, that *Pierce Pennileſſe* ſhould be confoũded without repriue.

The Spanyards cal'd their inuaſiue fleete agaynſt England the Nauie inuincible, yet it was ouercome. Lowe ſhrubbes haue outliu'd high Cedars, one true man is ſtronger than two theeues, *Gabriell* & *Richard* I proclaime open warres with you: March on, *Iocus*, *Ludus*, *Lepos*, my valiaunt men at armes, and forrage the frontiers of his *Fantaſticallitie*, as you haue begun.

Tubalcan aliâs *Tuball*, firſt founder of Farriers Hall, heere is a great complaint made, that *vtriúſque Academiæ Robertus Greene* hath mockt thee, becauſe hee ſaide, that as thou wert the firſt inuenter of Muſicke, ſo *Gabriell Howliglaſſe* was the firſt inuenter of Engliſh Hexameter verſes. *Quid reſpondes?* canſt thou brooke it yea or no? Is it any treaſon to thy well tuned hammers to ſay they begat ſo renowmed a childe as

Mu-

Muſicke? Neither thy hammers nor thou I know if they wereput to their booke oaths will euer ſay it.

The Hexamiter verſe I graunt to be a Gentleman of an auncient houſe (ſo is many an engliſh begger) yet this Clyme of ours hee cannot thriue in; our ſpeech is too craggy for him to ſet his plough in, hee goes twitching and hopping in our language like a man running vpon quagmiers vp the hill in one Syllable and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that ſtately ſmooth gate, which he vaunts himſelfe with amongſt the Greeks and Latins.

Homer, and Virgil, two valorous Authors, yet were they neuer knighted, they wrote in Hexameter verſes: *Ergo, Chaucer*, and *Spencer* the *Homer* and *Virgil* of England, were farre ouerſeene that they wrote not all their Poems in Hexamiter verſes alſo.

In many Countries veluet and Satten is a commoner weare than cloth amongſt vs, *Ergo* wee muſt leaue wearing of cloth, and goe euerie one in veluet and ſatten, becauſe other Countries vſe ſo.

The Text will not beare it good *Gilgilis Hobberdehoy*.

Our engliſh tongue is nothing too good, but too bad *to imitate the Greeke and Latine.*

Maſter *Stannyhurſt* (though otherwiſe learned) trod a foule lumbring boyſtrous wallowing meaſures in his tranſlation of *Virgil*. He had neuer been praiſd by *Gabriel* for his labour, if therein hee had not bin ſo famouſly abſurd.

Greene for diſpraiſing his practiſe in that kinde, *Is the Greene Maiſter of the blacke Art, the Founder of vglie oathes, the father of miſbegotten Infortunatus, the Scriuener of Croſſebiters, the Patriark of Shifters, &c.*

The Monarch of Croſſebiters, the wretched fellowe

Prince of Beggars, *Emperour of Shifters*, hee had cald him before, but like a drunkē man that remembers not in the morning what he ſpeakes ouer night, ſtill he fetcheth Metaphors from Conny-catchers, & doth nothing but torment vs with tautologies.

Why thou arrant butter whore, thou cotqueane, & ſcrattop of ſcoldes, wilt thou neuer leaue afflicting a dead Carcaſſe, continually read the rethorick lecture of Ramme-Allie? a wiſpe, a wiſpe, a wiſpe, rippe, rippe you kitchinſtuffe wrangler.

VVert thou put in the Fleete for pamphleting? Bedlem were a meeter place for thee. Be not aſhamd of your promotion, they did you honor that ſaid you were Fleete-bound, for men of honor haue failde in that Fleete.

VVaſt paper made thee betake thy ſelfe to *Limbo Patrum*, had it beene a booke that had beene vendible, yet, the opproby had beene the leſſe, but for Chandlers merchandize to be ſo maſſacred; for ſheets that ſerue for nothing but to wrappe the excrements of huſwiuerie in, *Proh Deum*, what a ſpite is it. I haue ſeene your name cutte with a knife in a wall of the Fleete I: when I went to viſit a friend of mine there. Let Maiſter *Butler* of Cambridge his teſtimoniall end this controuerſie, who at that time that thy ioyes were in the Fleeting, and thou crying for the Lords ſake out at an iron windowe, in a lane not farre from Ludgate hill, queſtiond ſome of his companions verie inquiſitiuelie that were newlie come from London, what nouelties they brought home with them, amongſt the reſt he broke into this Hexamiter interrogatory very abruptlie.

But ah what newes doe you heare of that good Gabriel huffe ſnuffe,
Knowne to the world for a foole, and clapt in the Fleete for a Rimer.

Confuted.

Ist true *Gibraltar*, haue I found you, It was not without foundatiō that you burst into that magnifical insultation, I THAT IN MY YOVTH FLATTERD NOT MY SELFE, &c. for M. *Butler* for a Phisition being none of the least Schollers, hath commended you exceedingly for a foole & a Rimer. *He that threatned to coniure vp* Martins *wit*, hath written some thing too in your praise in Pap-hatchet, for all you accuse him to haue courtlie incenst the Earle of Oxford against you. Marke him well, hee is but a little fellow, but hee hath one of the best wits in England. Should he take thee in hand againe (as he flieth from such inferiour concertation) I prophecie that there woulde more gentle Readers die of a merrie mortality ingendred by the eternal iests he would maule thee with, than there haue done of this last infection. I my self that inioy but a mite of wit in comparison of his talēt, in pure affection to my natiue country, make my stile carry a presse saile, am fain to cut off half the streame of thy sport-breeding confusion, for feare it shoulde cause a generall hicket throughout England. *Greene* I can spare thy reuenge no more roome in this book, thou hast Phisitiō *Iohn* with thee, cope thou with him & let me alone with the Ciuilian & Deuine, whom if I liue I will so vncessantly haunt, that to auoid the hot chase of my fierie quill, they shalbe constraind to ensconse themselues in an olde Vrinall case that their brother left behind him. Yet ere I bid thee good night, receiue some notes as touching his phisicallity deceased. *He had his grace to be Doctor ere he died.* As time may worke all things. *In Norfolke where hee practised he was reputed a proper toward man at a medecine for the toothake, & one of the skilfullest Phisitions* in casting the heapens water *that euer came there.*

How

Foure Letters

How wellbeloued of the chiefeſt Gentlemen (& Gentlewomen eſpecially) in that ſhire, it is incredible to bee ſpoken. *Aſtra petit diſertus*, hee is gone to heauen to write more Aſtrologicall diſcourſes, his brothers liue to inherite his olde gownes, and remember his notable ſayings, amongſt the which this was one: *Vale Galene*, farewell mine owne deare *Gabriell: Valete humane artes*, heart and good will, but neuer a ragge of money.

Tunc tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet. Cloth-breeches houſe is burnt, and the flame goes a feaſting to *Pierce Pennileſſe* houſe next.

Neuer til now, *Gregory Habberdine*, went thy foure letters vp Newgate, vp Holburne, vp Tiburne, to hanging.

Gentlemen, by that which hath been already laid open, I doe not doubt but you are vnwaueringly reſolued, this indigeſted Chaos of Doctourſhip, and greedy pothunter after applauſe, is an apparant Publican and ſinner, a ſelfe-loue ſurfetted ſot, a broken-winded galdbacke Iade, that hath borne vp his head in his time, but now is quite foundred & tired, a ſcholer in nothing but the ſcum of ſchollerſhip, a ſtale ſoker at *Tullies Offices*, the droane of droanes, and maiſter drumble-bee of non proficients. VVhat hath he wrote but hath had a wofull end? VVhen did he diſpute but hee duld all his auditorie? his Poetry more ſpiritleſſe than ſmal beere, his Oratory Arts baſtard, not able to make a man rauiſhingly weepe, that hath an Onion at his eye. In Latin like a louſe he hath manie legges, many lockes fleec'd from *Tullie* to carry away and cloath a little body of matter, but yet hee moues but ſlowly, is apparaild verie poorely.

In Engliſh, ice is not ſo cold, yet on the ice of ignorance

rance will he ſlide. No wiſe man pittie him that periſheth ſo wilfully.

Iudge the world, iudge the higheſt Courts of appeale from the miſcarried worlds iudgement (Cambridge and Oxford) wherein I haue treſpaſſed in *Pierce Pennileſſe*, that hee ſhoulde talke *of gnaſhing of teeth, yong* Phaetons, *yong* Icari, *yong* Chorebi, *young* Babingtons.

Neuer was I in earneſt til thus he twitted me with the compariſon of a traitour.

Babington, high was thy birth, I a bondſlaue of fortune in compariſon of thee, thy fall greater than *Phaetons*, thy offence as heynous as *Induſſes*. May neuer more ſuch foule ſeeds of offence be ſowne in ſo faire a ſhape, may they be markt alwayes to miſchiefe that meane as thou didſt. The braunches of thy ſtocke remaines yet vnblaſted with anie diſobedience. God forbid that our forheades ſhould for euer bee blotted with our forefathers miſdemeanors. Die ill deeds with your vngratious ill dooers, the liuing haue no portion with the dead, hell once paid his due, heauen gates are open to ſucceeding poſteritie.

Prate of *Pierce Pennileſſe and his paltrie* as long as thou wilt, I will play at put-pinne with thee for all that thou art woorth, but of thy betters gette thee a better diſcourſing penne before thou deſcantes of.

L. *Greenes inwardeſt companion pinched with want, vexed with diſcredit, tormented with other mens felicitie, and ouer-whelmed with his owne miſerie, in a raging and frantike moode, moſt deſperately exhibiteth a Supplication to the Deuill.*

C. Heerein thou thinkſt thou haſt won the ſpurs from all writers, but God and Dame Fiction knows

thou art farre wide of thy ayme; for neither was I *Greenes* companion any more than for a carowſe or two, nor pincht with any vngentleman-like want, when I inuented *Pierce Pennileſſe*.

Pauper non eſt cui rerum ſuppetit vſus: only the diſcontented meditation of learning generally now a dayes little valued, and her profeſſors ſet at naught & diſhartened, cauſed mee to handle that plaintife ſubiect more ſeriouſly.

Vext with diſcredit (Gabriel) I neuer was as thou haſt beene euer ſince *Familiaritas peperit contemptū*, thy familiar epiſtles brought thee in contempt.

Though I haue beene pinched with want (as who is not at one time or another *Pierce Penileſſe*) yet my muſe neuer wept for want of maintenance as thine did in *Muſarum lachrima*, that was miſerably flouted at in M. *Winkfields* Comœdie of *Pedantius* in Trinitie Colledge.

How am I tormented with other mens felicitie, otherwiſe thā ſaying, I know a Cobler that was worth fiue hundred pound, an hoſtler that had built a goodly Inne, & might diſpend forty pound yearely by his land, a Carman that had whipt a thouſand pound out of his horſe taile; if I had likewiſe reckond vp a ropemaker, that by tormenting of hempe, & going backward (which the Deuill would nere doe) had turnd as many Mill ſixpences ouer the thumbe, as kept three of his ſonnes at Cambridge a long time, & that which is more, three proud ſonnes, that when they met the hangman (their Fathers beſt chapman) would ſcarſe put of their hats to him, why then thou ſhouldſt haue had ſome colour of quarell, thy accuſatiō might iuſtly haue entred his title *pro aris & focis*, whereas now it is friuolous and forceleſſe.

The

The ſharpeſt wits I perceiue haue none of the beſt memories, if they had, thou wouldſt nere haue toucht mee with tormenting my ſelfe with other mens felicitie; for how didſt thou torment thy ſelfe with other mens felicitie, when in the 28. Page of thy firſt tome of Epiſtles thou exclaimſt *that in no age ſo little was ſo much made of, nothing aduaunſt to be ſomething, Numbers made of Ciphars*, that is by interpretatiō, all thoſe that were aduaunſt either in the Court or common-wealth at that time, had little to commend them, nothing in account worthy preferment, but were meere meacocks & Ciphars in compariſon of thy excellent out-caſt ſelfe that liu'dſt at Cambridge vnmounted.

Hang thee, hang thee, thou common cooſener of curteous readers, thou groſſe ſhifter for ſhitten tapſterly ieſts, haue I *imitated* Tarltons *play of the ſeauen deadly ſinnes in my plot* of *Pierce Penileſſe?* whom haſt thou not imitated then in the courſe of thy booke? thou haſt borrowed aboue twenty phraſes and epithites from mee, which in ſober ſadneſſe thou makſt vſe of as thy owne, when thou wouldſt exhort more effectuall.

Is it lawfull but for one preacher to preach of the ten commandements? hath none writ of the fiue ſenſes but *Ariſtotle?* was ſinne ſo vtterly aboliſhed with *Tarltons* play of the ſeuen deadly ſins, that ther could be nothing ſaid *ſupra* of that argument?

Canſt thou exemplifie vnto mee (thou impotent moate-catching carper) one minnum of the particular deuice of his play that I purloind? There be manie men of one name that are nothing a kindred. Is there any further diſtribution of ſins, not ſhadowed vnder theſe 7. large ſpreading branches of iniquity, on which a man may worke, and not tread on *Tarletons*

heeles. If not, what blemish is it to *Pierce Pennilesse* to begin where the Stage doth ende, to build vertue a Church on that foundation that the Deuill built his Chappell.

Gabriell, if there bee anie witte or industrie in thee, now I will dare it to the vttermost : write of what thou wilt, in what language thou wilt, and I will confute it and answere it. Take truths part, and I wil proue truth to be no truth, marching out of thy dūg-voiding mouth.

Diuinitie I except, which admits no dalliance : but in any other art or profession, of which I am not yet free, and thou shalt challenge me to trie maistries in, Ile bind my selfe Prentise too, and studie throughly, though it neuer stande mee in any other stead while I liue but to make one reply, only because I wil haue the last word of thee.

I would count it the greatest punishment that *In speech* could lay vpon mee, to be bound to studie the Danish tongue, which is able to make any English-man haue the mumpes in his mouth, that shall but plunge through one full point of it, yet the Danish tongue, or any Turks, or hogs, or dogs tongue whatsoeuer would I learne rather than bee put downe by such a ribauldry *Don Diego* as thou art.

Heigh drawer, fil vs a fresh quart *of new-found phrases*, since *Gabriell* saies we borrow all our eloquence from Tauerns : but let it be of the mighty *Burdeaux* grape, pure *vino de monte* I coniure thee, by the same token that the *Deuils daunsing schoole in the bottome of a mans purse that is emptie*, hath beene a gray-beard Prouerbe two hundred yeares before *Tarlton* was borne : Ergo *no gramercy* Dicke Tarlton. But *the summe of summes is this*, I drinke to you M. *Gabriell*,

on

on that condition, that you ſhall not excruciate your braine to be conceited and haue no wit.

Since we are here on our prating bench in a cloſe roome, and that there is none in company but you my approoued good friends *foure Letters and certain Sonnets* your Pages; I will rehearſe vnto you ſome part of the Methode of my demeanour in *Pierce Pennileſſe*.

Firſt, inſomuch as the principall ſcope of it is a moſt liuelie anatomie of ſinne, the diuell is made ſpeciall ſuperuiſor of it, to him it is dedicated, as if a man ſhoulde compile a curious examined diſcouerie of whoredome, and dedicate it to the quarter Maiſters of Bridewell, becauſe they are beſt able to puniſh it.

Wherfore as there is no fire without ſome ſmoke; no complaint without ſome precedent cauſe of aggreeuance; I introduce in a diſcontented Scholler vnder the perſon of *Pierce Pennileſſe*, tragicallie exclaiming vpon his partial-eid fortune, that kept an Almes boxe of compaſſion in ſtore for euery one but him-ſelfe. He tels how he toſt his imagination like a a dogge in a blanket, ſearcht euerie corner of the houſe of Charitie to ſee if he could light on any that would ſet a new nappe of an old threedbare Cloake: but like him that hauing a letter to deliuer to a Scottiſh Lorde, when hee came to his houſe to enquire for him found no bodie at home but an ape that ſate in the Porch and made mops and mows at him; ſo he deliuering his vnperuſde papers to Powles Churchyard, the firſt that took them vp was the Ape *Gabriel*, who made mops and mows at them, beſlauering the outſide of them a little, but coulde not enter into the contents, which was an aſe beyonde his vnderſtanding.

Foure Letters

VVith the first and second leafe hee plaies verie pretilie, and in ordinarie termes of extenuating, verdicts *Pierce Penniles∫e for a Grammer Schoole wit*; ſaies *his Margine is as deepelie learnd as* Fauſte præcor gelida, that *his Muſe ſobbeth and groneth verie piteouſlie, bids him not caſt himſelf headlong into the horrible gulph of deſperation*, comes ouer him *that hee is a creature of wonderfull hope as his own inſpired courage diuinely ſuggeſteth, wils him to inchaunt ſome magnificent* Mecenas *to honour* himſelfe in honouring him, with a hundred ſuch *gracewanting* Ironies cutte out againſt the woll, that woulde ieopard the beſt ioint of *Poetica licentia* to procure laughter, when there crinckled crabbed countenance (the verie reſemblance of a ſodden dogges face) hath ſworne it woulde neuer conſent therevnto.

Not the moſt exquiſite thing that is, but the Coũſel Table Aſſe Richard Clarke, may ſo Carterly deride.

Euerie Milke-maide can gird, with Iſt true? How ſaie you lo? who would haue thought it? Good Beare bite not? A man is a man though hee hath but a hoſe on his head.

No ſuch light paiment *Gabriel* haſt thou at my hands; I tell thee where, when, and how thou ſhewdſt thy ſelfe a Dunſiuall.

Onely externall defects thou caſts in my diſh, nothing internall in thee, but I prooue that it is altogether excrementall.

A fewe Elegeicall verſes of mine thou pluckeſt in pieces moſt ruthfullie, and quotes them againſt mee as aduantageable, together with ſome diſmembred Margine notes, but all is inke caſt away, you recouer no coſts and charges. With one minutes ſtudie Ile deſtroie more, than thou art able to build in ten daies.

Squeiſe

Confuted.

Squeiſe thy heart into thy inkehorne, and it ſhall but congeal into clodderd garbage of confutatiō, thy ſoule hath no effects of a ſoule, thou canſt not ſprinkle it into a ſentence, & make euerie line leape like a cup of neat wine new powred out, as an Orator muſt doe that lies aright in wait for mens affections.

VVhome haſt thou wonne to hate mee by light crawling ouer my Text like a Cankerworme.

Some ſuperficial ſlime of poiſon haſt thou driueld from thy pen in thy ſhallow footed ſliding through my *Supplication*, which one pen ful of repurified inke will exceſſiuelie waſh out. Shall I informe thee (that vnfruitfullie endeuorſt to informe authoritie againſt me) why I infixed thoſe Poeticall latine margēt notes to ſome fewe pages in the beginning of *Pierce Pennileſſe*? I did it to explaine to ſuch expected ſpiefaults as thou art, that it was no vncouth abhorrencie from the cuſtome of former writers, for a man openly to bewaile his vndeſerued ill deſtenie.

In the vncaſing of thy brother *Richard*, I calculated the Natiuitie of the *Aſtrologicall Diſcourſe*, I apparentlie ſuggeſted what a lewd piece of Prophecie it was, I regiſtred the infinite ſcorne that the whole Realme intertaind it with, the Adages that ran vpon it, *Tarltons* and *Eldertons nigrum* THETA ſet to it, yet wilt thou that art the ſonne and heire to ſhameleſſe impudence, the vnlineall vſurper of iudgement from all his true owners, the HOYDEN and pointingſtock recreation of Trinitie hall, *Vanitas vanitatis & omnia vanitas*, inueſt that in the higheſt throne of Art and Scholerſhip, which aſcrutinie of ſo manie millions of wel diſcerning condemnations hath concluded to be viler, than newesmungrie, & that which is vileſt of all, no leſſe vile than thy Epiſtles.

Moſt

Moſt voices, moſt voices, moſt voices; who is on my ſide who? VVhether is the *Aſtrologicall Diſcourſe* a better booke than *Pierce Pennileſſe?* Gabriel hangtelow ſaies it is, I am the Defendant, and denie it, and yet I doe not ouercull my owne workes: His aſſetrion he countermures thus.

Pierce Pennileſſe *is a man better acquainted with the Diuels of hell, than the Starres of Heauen:* Ergo, *the Aſtrologicall Diſcourſe is better than the notorious diabolicall diſcourſe of* Pierce Pennileſſe.

Once againe I denie his Argument to bee of lawfull age. *Pierce Pennileſſe* is a better Starmunger than a Diuelmunger, which needeth no other FOR to corroberate it but this, that my yea, at all times is as good as his nay.

How is the *Supplication* a diabolicall Diſcourſe, otherwiſe than as it intreats of the diuerſe natures and properties of Diuels and ſpirits; in that far fetcht ſenſe may the famous *defenſatiue againſt ſuppoſed Prophecies*; and *the Diſcouerie of Witchcraft* be called notorious Diabolicall diſcourſes, as well as the *Supplication*, for they alſo intreate of the illuſions and ſundrie operations of ſpirits: Likewiſe may I ſay that thoſe his foure Letters nowe on their triall are foure notorious lowſie Diſcourſes, becauſe they lyingly diſcourſe little elſe ſaue *Greenes* lowſie eſtate before his death.

M. *Churchyard* our old quarrel is renued when nothing elſe can bee faſtned on mee, this Letter leapper vpbraideth mee with *crying you mercie*, I cannot tell, but I think you will haue a ſaying to him for it. Ther's no reaſon that ſuch a one as he ſhould preſume to intermeddle in your matters, it cannot be done with any intent but to ſtirre mee vp to write againſt you a

freſh

freſh, which nothing vnder heau'n ſhall draw mee to doe. I loue you vnfainedly, and admire your aged Muſe, that may well be grand-mother to our grand-eloquenteſt Poets at this preſent.

Sanctum & venerabile vetus omne Poema.

Shores wife is yong, though you be ſtept in yeares, in her ſhall you liue when you are dead.

For that vnaduiſed indammagement I haue done you heretofore, Ile be your champion hence forward againſt any that dare write againſt you. Onely as euer you would light vpon a good cuppe of old ſacke when you are moſt drie, pocket not vp this ſlie abuſe at a rakehell rampalions hands, one that when an iniurie is deepe buried in the graue of obliuion, ſhall ſeeke to digge it vp againe, recall that into mens memories which was conſumed and forgotten.

Whoreſon Ninihammer, that wilt aſſault a man & haue no ſtronger weapons.

The Italian ſaith, a man muſt not take knowledge of iniurie till he be able to reuenge it.

Nay but in plaine good fellowſhip, art thou ſo innocent & vnconceiuing, that thou ſhouldſt ere hope to daſh mee quite out of requeſt by telling mee *of the Counter, and my hoſteſſe Penia.*

I yeeld that I haue dealt vpon ſpare commodities of wine and capons in my daies, I haue ſung *George Gaſcoignes* Counter-tenor; what then? VVilt thou peremptorily define that it is a place where no honeſt man, or Gentleman of credit euer came?

Heare what I ſay, a Gentleman is neuer throughly entred into credit till he hath beene there; & that Poet or nouice, be hee what he will, ought to ſuſpect his wit, and remaine halfe in a doubt that it is not authenticall, till it hath beene ſeene and allowd in vn-

thrifts conſiſtory.

Grande doloris ingenium. Let fooles dwell in no ſtronger houſes than their Fathers built them, but I proteſt I ſhould neuer haue writ paſſion well, or beene a peece of a Poet, if I had not arriu'd in thoſe quarters.

Trace the gallanteſt youthes and braueſt reuellers about Towne in all the by-paths of their expence, & you ſhall vnfallibly finde, that once in their life time they haue viſited that melancholy habitation.

Come come, if you will goe to the ſound truth of it, there is no place of the earth like it to make a man wiſe.

Cambridge and Oxford may ſtande vnder the elbowe of it.

I vow if I had a ſonne, I would ſooner ſend him to one of the Counters to learne lawe, than to the Innes of Court or Chauncery.

My hoſteſſe Penia, thats a bugges word, I pry thee what Morrall haſt thou vnder it? I will depoſe if thou wilt that till now I neuer heard of anie ſuch Engliſh name.

There is a certaine thing cald *Chriſtian veritie*, & another hight *common ſenſe*, and a third cleapt *humilitie*, they are more requiſite and neceſſary for thee, than *modeſtie or diſcretion for mee and my companions*, of which would thou ſhouldſt vnderſtand, we are ſo well prouided, that we can lend thee and thy brother *Richard* a great deale, and yet keepe more than wee ſhall haue need of for our ſelues.

WVilt thou be ſo hardy and iron-viſaged, to gainſay that thy brother Vicars Batchlours hood was not turnd ouer his eares for abuſing of *Ariſtotle*, I know thou haſt more grace than ſo, thou doſt not contra-

dict

dict it flatly, but ſlubbers it ouer faintly, and comes to recapitulate not confute ſome of the phraſes I vſde in the vnhandſoming of his diuinitiſhip.

I my ſelfe in the ſame order of diſgracing thou ſingles them foorth will haue them vp againe, and ſee if thou or anie man can abſurdifie the worſt of them.

I ſay, and will make it good, that in the Aſtrologicall diſcourſe thy brother (as if hee had lately caſt the heau'ns water, or beene at the anatomizing of the ſkies intrailes in Surgeons hall) propheſieth of ſuch ſtrange wonders to enſue from the ſtarres diſtemperature, and the vnuſuall adulterie of plannets, as none but hee that is bawd to thoſe celeſtiall bodies could euer deſcry.

This too I will ratifie for truthable & legible Engliſh, that his Aſtronomy broke his day with his creditors, and Saturne & Iupiter prou'd honeſter men than all the world tooke them for.

That the whole Vniuerſitie hiſt at him, Tarlton at the Theater made teaſtes of him, and Elderton conſumed his ale cramined noſe to nothing, in beare-baiting him with whole bunsels of Ballads.

All this he barely repeates without any diſprouement or deſudation at all, as if it were ſo lame in it ſelfe, that it would adnihilate it ſelfe with the onelie rehearſall of it.

For the gentilitie of the *Naſhes* (though it might ſeeme a humor borrowed from thee to bragge of it) yet ſome of vs who neuer ſought into it til of late, can proue the extancy of our aunceſtors before there was euer a ropemaker in England. Wee can vaunt larger petigrees than patrimonies, yet of ſuch extrinſecall things common to tenne thouſand calues and oxen, would not I willingly vaunt, only it hath pleaſed M. Printer both in this booke and *Pierce Pennileſſe*, to

intaile a vaine title to my name, which I care not for, without my consent or priuitie I here auouch.

But on the gentilitie of *T. N.* his beard, the maister Butler of Pembroke hall, stil I will stand to the death; for it is the very prince Elector of peaks, a beard that I cannot bee perswaded but was the Emperour *Dionisius* his, surnamed the Tyrant, when hee playde the schoolemaister in Corinth.

Gabriell, thou hast a prety polwigge sparrows tayle peake, yet maist thou not compare with his: thy Father, for all by thy owne confession *hee makes haires*, had neuer the art to twilt vp such a grim triangle of haire as that.

Be not offended honest *T. N.* that I am thus bold with thee, for I affect thee for the names sake as much as any one man can do another, and know thee to be a fine fellow, and fit to discharge a farre higher calling than that wherein thou liu'st.

VVhat more stuffe lurketh behind in this letter to be distributed into shop-dust?

Pierce Pennilesse *is as childish and garish a booke as euer came in print; when he talks of the sheepish discourse of the Lambe of God and his enemies, he saies*, it is monstrous and absurd, and not to bee suffered in a Christian congregatiõ; that Richard hath scumd ouer the schoolmen, and of the froth of their folly made a dish of Diuinitie hee wesse which the Dogs would not eate.

If he saide so (as hee did) and can proue it (as hee hath done) by Saint *Lubecke* then *The Lambe of God* is as childish and garish stuffe as euer came in print indeede.

I but how doth *Pierce Pennilesse* expiate the coinquination of these obiections.

Richard, whom (*because he is his brother, he there-*

fore

fore censures more curious and rigorous, in calling him M. H. *than hee would haue done otherwise*) *red the Philosophie Lecture in Cambridge with good liking and singular commendation, when Aperse a was not so much as* Idoneus auditor ciuilis scientiæ, *Ergo, the Lambe of God* beares a better Fleece than hee giues out it doth.

Aperse a is improoued nothing since, excepting his old Flores Poetarum, *and* Tarletons *surmounting rethorique, with a little euphuisme and Greenesse inough.*

Gabriel *reports him to the fauourablest opinion of those that know Aperse a his Prefaces, rimes, and the very companie of his Tarltonizing wit his Supplication to the Diuel.*

Quiet your selues a litle my Maisters, and you shal see mee dispearse all those cloudes well inough. That *Richard* red the Philosophie Lecture at *Cambridge*, I doe not withstand, but how?

Verie Lentenlie and scantlie, (farre bee it wee should slander him so much as his brother *Richard* hath done, to saie he read it with good liking and singularitie.) Credite mee, any that hath but a little refuse *Colloquium* Latine, to interseame a Lecture with, and can saie but *Quapropter vos mei auditores* may reade with equiualent commendation and liking.

I remember him woondrous well. In the chiefe pompe of that his false praise, I both heard him and heard what was the vniuersall slender valuation of him.

There was eloquent *Maister Knox*, (a man whose losse all good learning can neuer sufficiently deplore) twas he and one *Maister Ienes* of Trinitie Colledge, that in my time with more speciall approbation conuer st in those Readings.

Since I haue heard of two rare yong men *M. Meriton* and another, that in ſupplying that place of ſucceſſion haue ſurmounted all former mediocritie, and wonne themſelues an euerlaſting good name in the Vniuerſitie.

Theſe thou ſhouldſt haue memoriz'd if any, but thou art giuen to ſpeake well of none but thy ſelfe and thy two brothers.

Thrice fruitfull S. Iohns, how many hundred perfecter Schollers than the three brothers haſt thou nurſt at thy paps, that yet haue not ſhakte off obſcuritie?

Melliſluous PLAYFERE one of the chief props of our age, & auntienteſt, and abſoluteſt Vniuerſities preſent flouriſhing. VVhere doe thy ſupereminent gifts ſhine to themſelues, that the Court cannot bee acquainted with them.

Few ſuch men ſpeake out of Fames higheſt Pulpits, though out of her higheſt Pulpits ſpeake the pureſt of all ſpeakers.

Let me adde one word, and let it not bee thought derogatorie to anie, I cannot bethinke mee of two in England in all things comparable to him for his time. Seldome haue I beheld ſo pregnant a pleaſaunt wit coupled with a memorie of ſuch huge incomprehenſible receipt, deepe reading and delight better mixt than in his Sermons.

Sed quorſum hæc, how doe theſe digreſſions linke in with our *Subiectum circa quod?*

Flaunting *Richard* and his Philoſophie Lecture, was vnder our fingers euen now, howſoeuer wee haue loſt him. Hold the candle, and you ſhall ſee me caſt a figure for him extempore: Oh hoh, I haue founde him without any further ſeeking. Giue me your eares

Io Paan, God ſaue them they are long ones.

Now betweene you and me declare as if you were at ſhrift, whether you be not a ſuperlatiue blocke for al you readd the Philoſophie Lecture at Cambridge: Brieflie, brieflie, let mee not ſtand all daie about you.

His conſcience accuſeth him, hee is ſtroke ſtarke dumbe, onely by ſignes he craues to bee admitted *in forma pauperis* that we ſhould let him paſſe for a pore fellow, and he will ſell his birthright in learning with *Eſau* for a meſſe of porrige.

Cura leues loquuntur, he hath but a litle cure to look too. *Maiores ſtupent*, more liuing would make him ſtudie more.

For this once wee diſpence with you becauſe you look ſo penitentlie on it, but let not me catch you ſelling any more ſuch twiſe ſodden ſawduſt diuinitie as *the Lambe of God and his enemies*, for if I do, Ile make a dearth of paper in Pater-noſter-rowe (ſuch as was not this ſeauen yeare) onelie with writing againſt thee.

Aperſe a can doe it, tempt not his clemencie too much. *Aperſe a?*

Paſſion of God howe came I by that name; my godfather *Gabriel* gaue it mee, and I muſt not refuſe it. Nor if you were priuie whence it came would you hold it worthie to be refuſed, for before I had the reuerſion of it hee beſtow'd it on a Noble man, whoſe new faſhiond apparrell, and *Tuſcaniſh geſtures, cringing ſidenecke, eies glancing, fiſnomie ſmerking*, hauing deſcribed to the full, he concludes with this verſe,

Euerie inch A perſe a *his termes and braueries in print.*

Hold you your peace *Naſhe*: *that was before you were Idoneus auditor ciuilis ſcientiæ.* It may bee ſo, for thou wert a Libeller before I was borne. Yet vn-

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der correction bee it ſpoken, I haue come to the ſchooles and purg'd rheume many a time, when your brother was Philoſophie Lecturer, he wanted no *ſupploſus pedũ* to ſpend away his houre that I could help him with.

What ſince I am improued, you partly haue prooued to your coſt, and may doe more at large if God ſend vs more leyſure.

As for *Flores Poetarum*, they are flowers that yet I neuer ſmelt too. Ile pawne my hand to a halfepenny I haue readd more good Poets thorough, than thou euer hardſt off.

The floures of your *Foure Letters* it may be I haue ouerlookt more narrowlie, and done my beſt deuoire to aſſemble them together into patheticall poſie, which I will here preſent to Maiſter Orator *Edge* for a Newyeares gift, leauing them to his *wordie* diſcretion to be centured whether they be currant in inkehorniſme or no.

Conſcious mind: canicular tales: egregious an argument: when as *egregious* is neuer vſed *in engliſh but in the extreame ill part. Ingennitie: Iouiall mind: valorous Authors: inckehorne aduentures: inckehorne pads: putatiue opinions: putatiue artiſts: energeticall perſuaſions: Raſcallitie: materiallitie: artificiallitie, Fantaſticallitie: diuine Entelechy: loud Mentery: deceitfull perfidy: addicted to Theory: the worlds great Incendiarie: firenized furies: ſoueraigntie immenſe: abundant Cauteles: cautelous and aduentrous: cordiall liquor: Catilinaries and Phillipicks: perfunctorie diſcourſes: Dauids ſweetnes olimpique: The Idee high and deepe Abiſſe of exeellence: The only Unicorne of the Muſes: the Aretiniſh mountaine of huge exaggerations: The gratious law of Amneſty: amicable termes: amicable*

ends

end: Effectuate: addonice his melodie: Magy polimechany: extensiuely emploid: precious Traynment: Nonellets: Notoriette negotiation: mechanician.

Nor are these all, for euerie third line hath some of this ouer-rackt absoniſme. Nor do I altogether scum off all these as the newe ingendred some of the Englisſh, but allowe some of them for a neede to fill vp a verſe; as *Traynment*, and one or two wordes more, which the libertie of proſe might well haue ſpar'd. In a verſe, when a worde of three ſillables cannot thruſt in but ſidelings, to ioynt him euen, we are oftentimes faine to borrowe ſome leſſer quarry of elocution from the Latine, alwaies retaining this for a principle, that a leake of indeſinence as a leake in a ſhippe, muſt needly bee ſtopt, with what matter ſoeuer.

Chaucers authoritie I am certaine ſhalbe alleadgd againſt mee for a many of theſe balductums. Had *Chaucer* liu'd to this age, I am verily perſwaded hee would haue diſcarded the tone halfe of the harſher ſort of them,

They were the Oouſe which ouerflowing barbariſme, withdrawne to her Scottiſh Northren chanell, had left behind her. Art like yong graſſe in the ſpring of *Chaucers* floriſhing, was glad to peepe vp through any ſlime of corruption, to be beholding to ſhe car'd not whome for apparaile, trauailing in thoſe colde countries. There is no reaſon that ſhee a baniſht Queene into this barraine ſoile, hauing monarchizd it ſo long amongſt the Greeks and Romanes, ſhould (although warres furie had humbled her to ſome extremitie) ſtill be conſtrained when ſhe hath recouerd her ſtate, to weare the robes of aduerſitie, iet it in her old rags, when ſhe is wedded to new proſperitie.

Vtere moribus præteritis, ſaith *Caius Caſar in Aulus Gellius*, *loquere verbis præſentibus*.

Thou art mine enemie *Gabriell*, and that which is more, a contemptible vnder-foote enemie, or elſe I would teach thy olde *Trewantſhip* the true vſe of words, as alſo how more inclinable verſe is than proſe to dance after the horrizonant pipe of inueterate antiquitie.

It is no matter, ſince thou haſt brought godly inſtruction out of loue with thee, vſe thy own deſtruction, raigne ſole Emperour of inkehorniſme, I wiſh vnto thee all ſuperabundant increaſe of the ſingular gifts of abſurditie, and vaineglory: from this time forth for euer, euer, euer, euermore maiſt thou be canonized as the *Nunparreille* of impious epiſtlers, the ſhort ſhredder out of ſandy ſentences without lime, as *Quintillian* tearmed *Seneca* all lime, and no ſande; all matter, and no circumſtance; the factor for the Fairies, and night Vrchins, in ſupplanting and ſetting aſide the true children of the Engliſh, and ſuborning inkehorne changlings in their ſteade, the galimafrier of all ſtiles in one ſtandiſh, as imitating euerie one, & hauing no ſeperate forme of writing of thy owne; and to conclude, the onely feather-driuer of phraſes, and putter of a good word to it when thou haſt once got it, that is betwixt this and the Alpes. So bee it worlde without ende. Chroniclers heare my praiers. Good Maiſter *Stowe* be not vnmindfull of him.

Thats well remembred, now I talke of Chroniclers, I founde the Aſtrologicall diſcourſe the other night in the Chronicle. *Gabriell* will outface vs it is a worke of ſuch deepe arte & iudgement, when it is expreſſely paſt vnder record for a cooſening prognoſtication. The wordes are theſe, though ſomewhat abreui-

breuiated; for he makes a long circumlocution of it.

In the yeare 1583. by meanes of an Astrologicall discoarse vppon the great and notable coniunction of Saturne and Iupiter, the common sort of people were almost driu'n out of their wits, and knew not what to doe: but when no such thing hapned, they fell to their former securitie, and condemned the discourser of extreame madnesse and follie.

Ipsissima sunt Aristotelis verba, they are the verie words of *Iohn Tell-troth* in the 1357. folio of the last edition of the great Chronicle of England.

Mehercule quidem, if it be so taken vp, *Pierce Pennilesse* may well cast his cappe after it for euer ouertaking it. But some thing euen now *Gabriell* thou wert girding *against my prefaces and rimes, and the timpanie of my Tarltonizing wit.*

VVell these be your words, *prefaces and rimes*, let mee studie a little *prefaces and rimes. Minimè verò; si vis nego.* I neuer printed rime in my life but those verses in the beginning of *Pierce Pennilesse*, though you haue set foorth,

The stories quaint of manie a dountie flie,
That read a lecture to the ventrous elfe.

And so forth as followeth in chambling rowe.

Præfaces two, or a paire of Epistles I will receyue into the protection of my parentage, out of both which, sucke out one *solœcisme* or mishapen English word if thou canst for thy guts.

VVherein haue I borrowed from *Greene* or *Tarlton, that I should thanke them for all I haue?* Is my stile like *Greenes*, or my ieasts like *Tarltons?* Do I talke of any counterfeit birds, or hearbs, or stones, or rake vp any new-found poetry from vnder the wals of *Troy?* If I do, trip mee with it; but I doe not, therefore Ile

beſo ſaucy as trip you with the grand lie. Ware ſtumbling of whetſtones in the darke there my maiſters.

This I will proudly boaſt (yet am I nothing a kindred to the three brothers) that the vaine which I haue (be it a *median* vaine, or a madde man) is of my owne begetting, and ca's no man father in England but my ſelfe, neyther *Euphues*, nor *Tarlton*, nor *Greene*.

Nor *Tarlton* nor *Greene* bnt haue beene contented to let my ſimple iudgement ouerrule them in ſome matters of wit. *Euphues* I readd when I was a little ape in Cambridge, and then I thought it was *Ipſe ille*, it may be excellent good ſtill for ought I kuow, for I lookt not on it this ten yeare: but to imitate it I abhorre, otherwiſe than it imitates *Plutarch*, *Ouid*, and the choiſeſt Latine Authors.

If you be aduiſde I tooke *ſhorteſt vowels and longeſt mutes* in the beginning of my booke as ſuſpitious of being acceſſarie to the making of a Sonnet wherto Maiſter *Chriſtopher Birds* name is ſet, there I ſaide that you mute forth many ſuch phraſes in the courſe of your booke which I would point at as I paſt by: Heere I am as good as my word, for I note that thou beeing afraide of beraying thy ſelfe with writing, *wouldeſt faine bee a mute*, when it is too late to repent. Againe, thou reuieſt on vs and ſaiſt, *that mutes are courſed and vowels haunted*. Thou art no mute, yet ſhalt thou be haunted and courſed to the full. I will neuer leaue thee as long as I am able to liſt a pen.

Whether I ſeeke to bee counted a terrible bnlbegger or no, Ile baite thee worſe than a bull ſo that the thou ſhalt deſire ſome body on thy knees to helpe thee with letters of commendation to *Bull* the hangman, that he may diſpatch thee out of the way before

more

Confuted.

more affliction come vpon thee.

All the invective and satericall spirits shall then bee thy familiars, as the furies in hell are the familiars of sinfull ghosts to follow them and torment them without intermission: thou shalt bee double-girt with girds, and scoft at till those that stand by do nothing but cough with laughing.

Thou saiest I professe the art of railing, thou shalt not say so in vaine, for if there bee any art or depth in it, more than *Aretine* or *Agrippa* haue discouered or diu'd into, looke that I will sound it and search it to the vttermost, but ere I haue done with thee ile leaue thee, the miserablest creature that the sunne euer sawe.

There is no kind of peaceable pleasure in poetrie, but I can drawe equally in the same yoke with the haughtiest of those foule-mouthd backbiters, that say I can do nothing but raile.

I haue written in all sorts of humors priuately I am perswaded, more than any yoong man of my age in England.

The weather is cold, and I am wearie with confuting, the remainder of the colde contents of this Epistle be these.

He enuiously indeuors since he cannot reuenge himselfe to incense men of high calling against me, and wold inforce it into their opinions, that whatsoeuer is spokē in *Pierce Pennilesse*, concerning *Pesants, Clownes & hipocriticall hot-spurs, Midasses, Buckram Giants, & the mightie Prince of darkenesse* is meant of them, let him proue it, or bring the man to my face to whome I euer made any vnduetifull exposition of it, I am to be my own interpreter in this first case. I say in *Pierce Pennilesse* I haue set downe nothing but that which

I haue had my preſident for, in forraine writers, nor had I the leaſt alluſion to any man ſet aboue mee in in degree, bnt onely glanc'ſt at vice generallie.

The tale of the Beare and the Foxe, how euer it may ſet fooles heads a worke a farre off, yet I had no concealed ende in it, but in the one, to deſcribe the right nature of a bloudthirſty tyrant, whoſe indefinite appetite all the pleaſures in the earth haue no powre to bound in goodnes, but he muſt ſeeke a new felicitie in varietie of cruelty, and deſtroying all other mens proſperitie; for the other, to figure an hypocrite: Let it be *Martin* if you will, or ſome old dog that bites ſorer than hee, who ſecretlie goes and ſeduceth country Swaines.

Makes them beleeue that that honny which their bees brought forth was poyſonous and corrupt.

That they may buy honny cheaper than by being at ſuch charges in keeping of bees.

That it is not neceſſary they ſhould haue ſuch ſtately hiues or lie ſucking at ſuch precious honnicombs.

If this (which is nothing elſe but to ſwim with the ſtreame) be to tell tales as ſhrewdly as mother *Hubbard*, it ſhoulde ſeeme mother *Hubbard* is no great ſhrewe, howeuer thou treading on her heeles ſoe oft, ſhee may bee tempted beyonde her ten commandements.

A litle before this the foreſaid fanaticall *Phobetor*, *geremumble*, *tirleriwhiſco*, or what you will, cald forth the biggeſt gunſhot of my thundring tearmes ſteept in *Aqua fortis* and gunpowder to come and trie them ſelues on his paper Target.

But that it is no credite *Galpogus* to diſcharge a Cannon gainſt a lowſe, thou ſhouldſt not call in vaine, thou ſhouldſt heare Tom a Lincolne roare

with

with a witnes, woe worth the daie & the yeare when thou heareſt him. I feare blaſt thee nowe but with the winde of my weapon. With the waſt of my words, I lay waſt all the feeble fortifications of thy wit. Shewe mee the Vniuerſities hand and ſeale that thou art a Doctour ſealed and deliuered in the preſence of a whole Commenſement, and Ile preſent thee with my whole artillerie ſtore of eloquence.

A bots on thee for mee for a lumpiſh leaden heeld letter dawber, my ſtile with treading in thy clammie ſteps is growne as heauie gated, as if it were bound to an Aldermans pace, with the irons at Newgate cald the widows Almes.

Ere I was chained to thee thus by the necke, I was as light as the Poet *Accius*, who was ſo lowe and ſo ſlender that hee was faine to put lead into his ſhooes for feare the winde ſhoulde blowe him into another Countrie.

Thoſe that catch Leopards ſet cups of wine before them; thoſe that will winne liking and grace of the readers, muſt ſet before them continually that which ſhall cheare them, and reuiue them.

Gabriell, thou haſt not done ſo, thou canſt not doe ſo, therfore thy works neither haue, nor can any way hinder mee, nor benefit the Printer.

Euen in the packing vp of my booke a hot ague hath mee by the backe. Maugre ſickneſſe worſt, a leane arme put out of the bed ſhall grind and paſh euery crum of thy booke into pin-duſt.

The next peece of ſeruice thou doſt againſt *Pierce Pennileſſe*, is the naming *of him wofull poneretto, and pleaſant ſuppoſing thou puldſt him by the ragged ſleeue*: Then matcheſt thou thy ſelfe to *Vliſſes*, and him to *Irus, Irrita ſunt hæc omnia*: it is a ſleeueleſſe ieaſt, I

haue

haue beſſiu'd thee already for it, it toucheth the body and not the minde. Beſides I was neuer altogether *Peter Poueretto*, vtterly throwne downe, deſperately ſeperated from all means of releeuing my ſelfe, ſince I knew how to ſeperate a knaue from an honeſt man, or throw my cloake ouer my noſe, when I ſalied by the Counters.

The ragged cognizance on the ſleeue, I may ſay to thee, carried meate in the mouth when time was, doe not diſpraiſe it yet, for it hath many high partakers. *Quæ ſequuntur huiuſmodi ſunt.*

Thou turmoilſt thy *pia mater*, to proue baſe births better than the ofspring of many diſcents, becauſe thou art a muſhrumpe ſprung vp in one night, a ſeely mouſe begotten on a moulehill, that wou'dſt fayne pearch thy ſelfe on the mountaines, when thy legges are too ſhort to ouercome ſuch a long iourney of glorie.

My margent note, *Meritis expendite cauſam*, thou wou'dſt rather than any thing wreſt to an enditment of arrogance, & ſo branch mee into thy tiptoe ſtocke. I cannot ſee how thou canſt compaſſe it: For though I bad them weigh the cauſe by deſerts, yet I did not aſſume too much to my owne deſerts, when I expoſtulated, why Coblers, Hoſtlers, and Carmen ſhould be worth ſo much, and ſo much, and I a ſcholler and a good-fellow a begger. How thou haſt arrogated to thy ſelfe more than *Lucifer*, or any *Miles gloriоſus* in the worlde would doe, I haue already noted at large in his due place and order. If thou beſtowſt any curteſie on mee, and I do not requite it, then call mee cut, and ſay I was brought vp at Hoggenorton where pigges play on the Organs.

Wert thou well acquainted with me, thou ſhouldſt per-

perceiue that I am very franke where I take, & send away none empty-handed that giue mee but halfe an ill worde.

It is a good signe of grace in thee, that thou confessest *thou hast offences enough of thy owne to aunswere, though thou beest not charged with thy Fathers.* Once in thy life thou speakst true yet, I beleeue thee, and pittie thee. God make thee a good man, for thou hast beene a wilde youth hitherto.

Thy Hexameter verses, or thy hue and crie after *a person as cleare as Christall*, I do not so deeply commend, for al *Maister* Speneer *long since imbrast it with an ouer-loning sonnet.*

VVhy should friends dissemble one with another, they are very vgly and artlesse. You will neuer leaue your olde trickes of drawing M. *Spencer* into euerie pybald thing you do. If euer he praisd thee, it was because he had pickt a fine vaine foole out of thee, and he wolud keepe thee still a foote by flattring thee, til such time as he had brought thee into that extreame loue with thy selfe, that thou shouldst run mad with the conceit, and so be scorned of all men.

Yet yet *Gabriell*, are not we set *non plus*, thy *roister doister dome* hath not dasht vs out of countenance. If anie man *vse boistrous horse-play, or bee beholding to Carters Logique*, it is thy selfe; for with none but clownish and royniſh ieasts dost thou rush vppon vs, and keepst such *a flurting and a flinging* in euerie leafe, as if thou wert the onely reasty iade in a country.

Skolding thou sayest is the language of shrewes, railing the stile of rakehels; what concludst thou from thence? Do I scold? do I raile?

Scolding & railing is loud miscalling and reuiling one another without wit, speaking euery thing a man

knows by his neighbour, though it bee neuer so contrary to all humanitie and good manners, and would make the standers by almost perbrake to heare it. Such is thy inuectiue against *Greene*, where thou talkst of his lowsines, his surfeting, his beggerie, and the mother of *Infortunatus* infirmities. If I scold, if I raile, I do but *cum ratione insanire*, *Tully*, *Ouid*, all the olde Poets, *Agrippa*, *Aretine*, and the rest are all scolds and railers, and by thy conclusion flat shrewes and rakehels: for I doe no more than their examples do warrant mee.

The intoxicate spirit of grisly Euridice, I can tosse ouer as lightly to thee, as thou hast puft it to mee. My hart is præoccupated with better spirits, which haue left her no house-roome: thou hast no spirite as it should appeare by thy writing, intertaine her and the spirit of the buttery out of hand, or thou wilt be beaten hand-smooth out of Bucklars bury.

VVhen I parted with thy brother in *Pierce Penilesse*, I left him to be tormented world without ende of our Poets and writers about London, for calling them piperly make-playes and makebates, not doubting but they would driue him to this issue, that he should be constrained to goe to the chiefe beame of his benefice, and there beginning a lamẽtable speech with *cur scripsi. cur perij*, ende with *Prauum praua decent, iuuat inconcessa voluptas*, & so with a trice trusse vp his life in the string of his sance-bell. Now heere thou thankst God thou art not so vncharitably bent to put so much wit in a speech, like a Parson in Lancashire that kneeld down on his knees in a zealous passion, and very hartily thankt God he neuer knew what that vile Antichristian Romish Popish Latine meant. Did I exhort inke and paper to pray that they might not bee troubled

with

with him any more ? Inke and paper if they bee true Proteſtants will pray, that they may not be contaminated any more with ſuch abhomination of deſolation, as the three brothers Apocripha pamphleting.

After all this foule weather enſueth a calme dilatement of others too forward harmefulnes, and thy owne backward irefulneſſe; thats diſpatcht, the court hath found it otherwiſe.

Then thou goeſt about to bribe mee to giue ouer this quarrell, and ſaiſt if I will holde my peace, thou wilt beſtowe more complements of rare amplifications vpon mee, than euer thou beſtowdſt on Sir *Philip Sidney*, and gentle Maiſter *Spencer*.

Thou flatterſt mee, and praiſeſt mee.

To make mee a ſmall ſeeming amendes for the iniuries thou haſt done mee, thou reckonſt mee vp *amongſt the deare louers and profeſſed ſonnes of the Muſes, Edmund Spencer, Abraham France, Thomas Watſon, Samuell Daniell.*

With a hundred bleſsings and many praiers thou intreatſt mee to loue thee.

Content thy ſelfe, I will not.

Thou proteſts it was not my perſon thou miſlikt (I am afraide thou wilt make mee thy Ingle) *but my fierce running at Parſon* Richard, *excuſeſt mee by my youth, & promiſeſt to cancell thy impertinent Pamphlet.*

It were good hanging thee now thou art in ſuch a good mind; yet for all this, a dogge will be a dogge, & returne to his vomit doe what a man can, thou muſt haue one ſquibbe more at the Deuils Orator, & his Dames Poet, or thy penne is not in cleane life. I will permit thee to ſay what thou wilt, *to vnderlie* (as thou deſir'ſt) *the verdit of Fame hir ſelfe*, ſo I may lie aboue thee. LIE aboue thee, tell greater lies than thou doſt

no man is able.

Thus O heauenly Muse I thanke thee, for thou hast giu'n mee the patience to trauel through the tedious wildernesse of this Gomorian Epistle. Not *Hercules* when he cleansed the stables of *Ægeas*, vnder-tooke such a stinking vnsauorie exploit. By thy assistaunce through a whole region of golden lanes haue I iourneied, & now am safely arriu'd at *not speedily dispatcht but hastily bungled vp as you see*. Graunt that all such slow dispatchers & hastie bunglers, may haue a long time of reproach to repent them in, and not come abroad to corrupt the aire, & impostumate mens ears with their pan-pudding prose any more. So bee it, say all English people after mee, that haue eares to heare or eies to reade.

Feci, feci, feci, had I my health, now I had leysure to be merry, for I haue almost washt my hands of the Doctour.

His own regenerate verses *of the iolly Fly, & Gibeline and Gwelph* some peraduenture may expect that I should answere. So I would if there were anie thing in them which I had not answerd before, but there is nothing; if there were, hauing driuen his sword to his head, I respect not what he can do with his dagger. Onely I will looke vpon the last Sonnet of M. *Spencers* to the right worshipfull Maister *G. H.* Doctour of the lawes: or it may so fall out that I will not looke vpon it too, because (*Gabriell*) though I vehemently suspect it to bee of thy owne doing, it is popt foorth vnder M. *Spencers* name, and his name is able to sanctifie any thing though falsely ascribed to it.

The fourth letter of our Orators to the same fauorable or indifferent reader, was a letter which this many a long summers day I dare ieopard my maydenhead

denhead had line hidden in his deske, for it is a shif-mans hose that will serue any man as well as *Greene* or mee.

To make short, in it as fortie times before, he brides it and simpers it out a crie, No forsooth God dild you hee would not that hee would: None so desirous of quiet as hee good olde man, who with a pure intent of peace, first put fire to the flame that hath hedgde him in.

He hath preuented Maister *Bunnie* of the second part of his treatise of Pacification, for like some craftie ringleader of rebellion, when hee hath stirred vp a dangerous commotion, and findes by the too late examination of his forevn examined defects in himselfe, that so sweet a roote will hardlie effect correspondent fruits strait in pollicie to get his pardon, hee strikes saile to that tempest of sedition and is thrice as earnest in preaching pacification, obedience, and submission: so *Gabriel* when he hath stird vp against me what tumults he can in Stationers Shops, and left the quiuer of his enuie not an arrow vndrawne out, hee finds by the audit of his ill consumed defectes that he is not of force inough to hold out, wherefore in pollicie to auoid further arrearages of infamie hee tires the text of reconciliation out of breath, and hopeth by the intercession of *a cuppe of white wine and sugar, to be made friends with his fellow writers.*

It cannot choose but he must of necessitie be a very sore fellow, that is so familiar with white wine & sugar, for white wine in a maner is good for nothing but to wash sores in, and smudge vp withered beauty with. Well for all hee would haue *Pierce* make no warres on him, he makes warres on *Pierce Pennilesse*, he beboggereth him again in this epistle verie bountifullie

tifullie hee ſaies *that Lordes muſt take heede how they Lordit in his preſence.*

That the Aſſe is the onelie Author he alleadgeth.
That Greene is an Aſſe in print, and he a calfe in print.

That they are both chiefetaines in licentiouſneſſe, and truth can ſaie the abhominable villanies of ſuch baſe ſhifting companions, good for nothing but to caſt away themſelues, ſpoile their adherents, &c.

For my beggerie let that trauell the countries, I haue ſaide more for it than a richer man would haue done, but that I take vppon me to Lord it ouer great Lords thou art a moſt lewd tungd lurden to ſaie it.

Muſt they take heede how they Lord it in my preſence, what muſt they doe then in thy preſenee,

That ſitting like a looker on
Of this worlds ſtage, doſt note with critique pen,
Thy ſharpe diſlikes of each condition:
Ne fawneſt for the fauour of the great,
Ne feareſt fooliſh reprehenſion,
But freelie doſt of what thee liſt intreate,
Like a great Lord of peereleſſe libertie,
Lifting the good vp to high honors ſeate,
And th'euill damning euermore to die,
For life and death is in thy doome full writing.

Whereas thou ſaiſt the Aſſe in a manner is the only Author I alleadge, I muſt know how you define an Aſſe before I can tell how to anſwere you; for *Cornelius Agrippa* maketh all the Philoſophers, Oratours, and Poets that euer were Aſſes: and if ſo you vnderſtand that I alleadge no Author but the Aſſe; for all Authors are Aſſes, why I am for you; if otherwiſe, thou art worſe than a *Cumane* Aſſe to leape before thou looкſt, and condemne a man without cauſe.

What Authors doſt thou alleadge in thy booke,

not

not two, but any Grammer Scholler might haue alleadgd?

There is not three kernels of more than common learning in all thy *Foure Letters*. Common learning? not common sense in some places.

Of force I must graunt that *Greene* came oftner in print than men of iudgement allowed off, but neuertheless he was a daintie slaue to content the taile of a Tearme, and stuffe Seruing mens pockets.

An Asse *Gabriel* it is harde thou shouldst name him: for calling mee Calfe it breakes no square, but if I bee a calfe it is in comparison of such an Oxe as thy selfe.

The chiefetaines of licentiousnes, and truth can say the abhominable villanies of such base shifting companions, good for nothing, &c. I am of the mind wee shall not disgest this neither.

Answere me *succinctè & expeditè*, what one period any way leaning to licentiousnes, canst thou produce in *Pierce Pennilesse*?

I talke ota great matter when I tell thee of a period, for I know two seuerall periods or full pointes in this last epistle, at least fortie lines long a piece.

For the order of my life it is as ciuil as a ciuil orenge, I lurke in no corners but conuerse in a house of credit as well gouerned as any Colledge, where there bee more rare quallified men, and selected good Schollers than in any Noblemans house that I knowe in England.

If I had committed *such abhominable villanies, or were a base shifting companion*, it stoode not with my Lords honour to keepe me, but if thou hast saide it & canst not proue it, what slandrous dishonor hast thou done him, to giue it out that he keepes *the committers*

of

of abhominable villanies and base shifting companions, when they are farre honester than thy selfe.

If I were by thee I woulde plucke thee by the beard, and spit in thy face, but I would dare thee and vrge thee beyonde all excuse to disclose and prooue for thy heart bloud what villanie or base shifting by me thou canst, I defie all the world in that respect.

Because thou vsedst at Cambridge to shift for thy Friday at night suppers, and cosen poore victuallers and pie-wiues of Doctours cheese and puddinges, thou thinkst me one of the same religion too.

What *Greene* was, let some other answere for him as much as I haue done, I had no tuition ouer him, he might haue writ another *Galateo* of manners, for his manners euerie time I came in his companie, I saw no such base shifting or abhominable villanie by him. Something there was which I haue heard not seene, that hee had not that regarde to his credite in which had beene requisite he should.

VVhat a *Calimunco* am I to plead for him, as though I were as neere him as his owne skinne. A thousande there bee that haue more reason to speake in his behalfe than I, who since I first knew him about town haue beene two yeares together and not seene him.

But Ile doe as much for any man, especially for a deade man that cannot speake for himselfe. Let vs heare *how we are good for nothing but to cast awaie our selues, spoile our adherents, praie on our fauourers, dishonour our Patrons*. Haue I euer tooke any likelie course of casting away my selfe?

VVhom canst thou name that kept me company and reapt any discommoditie by me:, I can name diuers good Gentlemen *that haue beene my adherents*

and

and fauourers a long time. Let them report howe I haue ſpoilde them, or praid on them, or put them to one pennie detriment ſince I firſt conſorted with thē.

Haue an eie to the maine-chaunce, for no ſooner ſhall they vnderſtand what thou haſt ſaid by mee of them, but theyle goe neere to haue thee about the eares for this geare one after another.

My Patrons or anie that bind me to them by the leaſt good turne, there is no man in England that is or ſhall (for my ſmall power) bee more thankefull vnto than I. Neuer was I vnthankefull vnto any, no not to thoſe of whome for deedes I receiued nothing but vnperformed deede promiſing words. It is an honor to be accuſde and not conuinſt.

One of theſe months I ſhall challenge martirdome to my ſelfe, and writ large ſtories of the perſecution of tongues. Troth I am as like to perſecute as be perſecuted. Let him take vp his Croſſe and bleſſe himſelfe that croſſeth mee, for I will croſſe ſhinnes with him though euerie ſentence of his were a thouſande tunnes of diſcourſes, as *Gabriel* ſaith euerie ſentence of his is a diſcourſe. Quods, quods giue mee my Text pen againe, for I haue a little more Text to launce.

The ſecretaries of art and nature, if it were not for friuolous contentions, might beſtead the commō-welth with manie puiſſant engins. As for example, *Bacons* brazen noſe, *Architas* wodden doue, dancing bals, fire breathing gourdes, artificiall flies to hang in the aire by themſelues, an egſhell that ſhall run vp to the toppe of a ſpeare.

Archimides made a heau'n of braſſe, but we haue nothing to do with olde braſſe and iron.

Appollonius Regimontanus did manie pretie iugling tricks, but wee had rather drinke out of a glaſſe

than a lugge, vſe a little brittle wit of our owne, than borrow any miracle mettall of Deuils.

Amongſt all other ſtratagems and puiſſant engins what ſay you to *Mates* Pumpe in Cheapeſide, to pumpe ouer mutton and porridge into Fraunce: this colde weather our ſouldiors I can tell you haue need of it, and poore field miſe they haue almoſt got the colicke and ſtone with eating of prouant.

Conſider of it well, for it is better than all *Bacons, Architas, Archimedes, Appollonius or Regiomont anus* deuices: for *Gabriell* that profeſſeth all theſe, with all their helpe cannot make the bias bowle at *Saffron Walden* run downe the hill, when it is throwne down with the hardeſt hand that may bee, but it will turne vp the hill againe in ſpite of a mans teeth, and that which is worſt, giue no reaſon for it.

The Parrat and the Peacock haue leiſure to renine & repoliſh their expired workes, you ſpeake like a friend, wele liſten to you when you haue repoliſhed and expired your perfected degree. A Demy Doctor, what a ſhame is it?

Becauſe your books do call for a litle more drinke and a fewe more clothes when they are gone to bed, that is, when they lie dead, you thinke ours ſhould do ſo too. No, no, we doe not vſe to clappe a coat ouer a ierkin, or thruſt any of the children of our braine into their mothers wombe againe, & beget them a new after they are once borne. If it bee a horne booke at his firſt conception, let it be a horne booke ſtill, and turne not cat in the paune, conuert the Pater noſter to a Primer, when it hath begd it ſelfe out at the elbowes vp and downe the cuntrey.

Thou didſt thou knewſt not what in eeking this thy ſhort-waſted Pamphlet, iwis as thou ſaiſt of thy

ſelfe

ſelfe, *Thou art an old trewant, fitter to plaie the dumbe dogge with ſome antients, than the hiſſing ſnake.*

VVhobe thoſe antient dumbe dogs? we ſhal haue you a Martiniſt when all comes to all, becauſe you cannot thriue with the Ciuill Law, and that you may marry her for any thing you are a kindred to her, therfore you wil compare *Whitegift and Cartwright*, white and blacke together, name the higheſt gouernours of the Church without giuing them anie reuerence or titles of honour, imbrace anie religion which will be euen with the profeſſion that fauors not you.

There is no baile or maineprize for it, but wee muſt haue you in the firſt peeping forth of the ſpring, preaching out of a Pulpit in the woods: you haue put on wolues raiment already, ſeduced manie ſimple people vnder the habit of a ſheepe in *Wolfes* print. If you proteſt & lie any more, it is not your ending here like a ſermon, that will make you bee reputed for a ſaint.

Readers, a decaied ſtudent lately ſhipwrackt with *Si vales bene eſt*, hauing foure Lightors of Letters, cleane caſt away on the rocks called the Biſhop & his Clarks, deſires you all to pray for him, and he will recommend you all to God in the next ſermon he penneth for his brother *Richard*.

He hath a mind to pay euery man his owne, though hee hath ſuſtained great loſſe in fight, *that which he cannot effect he beſeecheth the Lord to accompliſh, and euen to worke a miracle vpon the deafe.*

Lord if it be thy will, let him be an Aſſe ſtill. Gentlemen, I haue no more to ſay to the Doctor, diſpoſe of the victorie as you pleaſe, ſhortly I will preſent you with ſomething that ſhal be better than nothing, onely giue mee a gentle hire for my durtie day labor, and I am your bounden Orator for euer.

Sonnette.

Were there no warres, poore men ſhould haue no peace,
Vnceſſant warres with waſpes and droanes I crie:
Hee that begins, oft knowes not how to ceaſe,
They haue begun, Ile follow till I die.
Ile heare no truce, wrong gets no graue in mee,
Abuſe pell mell encounter with abuſe:
Write hee againe, Ile write eternally.
Who feedes reuenge hath found an endleſſe Muſe.
If death ere made his blacke dart of a pen,
My penne his ſpeciall Baily ſhall becum:
Somewhat Ile be reputed of mongſt men,
By ſtriking of this duns or dead or dum.
Awaite the world the Tragedy of wrath,
What'next I paint ſhall tread no common path:

Aut nunquam tentes aut perfice.
Tho. Naſhe.

Obſeruations for the Readers of this booke.

Item whatſoeuer for the moſt part is here in this booke in change of letter, is our aduerſaries owne Text, and vnaried words, either in this his conuicted Foure Letters, or ſome other fuſtie treatiſe, let forth by him heretofore.

Then that I am wrested and vtterly diuorced from my owne inuention, & conſtrained ſtill ſtill, before I am warme in any one vaine, to ſtart away ſodainely, and follow him in his vanitie.

Finally, Printers haue many falſe ſtiches which are thus to bee drawen vp.

In the ſecond page of C. for Baboune brother, reade Baboune his brother. in the 7. for allegorized & Abdias. reade allegorized Abdias. in the 8. for ſet hand, reade ſet his hand. idem for headmen, read headman. in the firſt of D. for Liuor poſt quieſcat, reade Liuor poſt fata quieſcat. In the 5. for plaiſter of Doctourſhip, reade plaiſtrie or dawbing of Doctourſhip. in the 7. for inſolent inckehorne worme, reade inſolent incke worme, in the 2. of E. for Aſſe in preſent, read Aſſe in preſenti in the 3. for beſtow vpon, reade beſtow vpon him. in the 5. for effect, read efficacie. in the 4. of F. for vertuous Syr Iohn Norris, read victorious Syr Iohn Norris. in the 5. page of H. for I introduce in a diſcontented Scholler, read I introduce a diſcontented Scholler. in the 8. for His aſſentrion, reade His aſſertion. in the 5. of I. for verie companie, reade verie timpanie. in the 5. page of K. for in this firſt caſe, reade firſt in this caſe.

FINIS.